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THE WORLD'S POLITICS.

THERE is something unusually exciting in the present aspect of international relations throughout the world. China is awaiting the avenging hand of France and Britain, because of the Tien-tsin massacre; Russia threatens the peace of the world and the destruction of the Ottoman Empire; the Khedive of Egypt is supposed to be ready for rebellion and the assertion of independence the moment the next Russo-Turkish war breaks out; Italy is convulsed from centre to circumference, agitated by the triple influences of Republicanism, Royalty, and the Papacy. Spain is yet in doubt about her new King, and report says that the father of the Duke of Aosta has banned his acceptance of the Crown. Austria has more than her share of troubles, and England is supposed to be on the verge of a ministerial crisis, with the no distant prospect of a war against Russia on hand. Add to this a threatened rebellion in Ireland; the smaller states of Europe agitated lest they be swallowed up by more powerful neighbours; the pending "Alabama" claims, and the fuss and fustian of the American Republican party, who look upon a quarrel with somebody as essential to the perpetuation of their party rule; and, to say nothing of France and Prussia, we have a picture of the world's politics such as ought to arrest the attention of every man, and cause him to ask—where are the principles of truth and honesty in the transactions of nation with nation? Need it be wondered at that there is so much of cunning and duplicity between individuals when the foremost men in the State—those who, by their talents and their virtues, have been elevated to the highest positions—bury honour and fair dealing beneath the shrine of expediency, and act as if inspired only by considerations of national gain?

Twenty years ago it was supposed that war among civilised States had become impossible. The world was made to ring with the speeches of the Peace Congress orators, and arbitration was declared to be the final determinator of all international disputes. The Crimean war a few years later dispelled this Utopian dream and exposed the nations in their schemes of selfish aggrandisement. It was, however, believed, and we think justly, that the allies who then threw their swords into the scale on the side of the Mussulman, were fighting in the cause of justice. And should the battle have to be fought over again, it is to be hoped that the same powers would be equally willing to take their part in it; though we cannot believe that they will be equally ready. If Russia means to precipitate the inevitable struggle she will move before the hand of Germany has relaxed its grasp on the throat of France; before Italy has settled her complicated issue with the Pope, in which she can only plead—"Well! I "plundered you, because a meaner than me—that is the "Revolution—was ready to strip you naked!" It may be a question whether the King of Italy had not better have left the Republicans to deal with the matter and then have come in behind them. In that case it is possible that blessings would have come whence curses now descend; but what is, is, and the world must move even if Kings and Emperors are ground under its wheels.

In public as in private life, in affairs of state as in transactions between individuals, there ought to be, above all, a respect for the principles of right and justice. Were this observed, it would just be as impossible for nations to go to war as for neighbours to go to law. In both cases there must be a wrong on some side, and it seems unworthy the age in which we live that it has not yet devised some court at which all international disputes might be settled without the horrible resort to war. The expedient of arbitration has failed simply from the spirit of national lust; but this national lust only brings misery upon the people whom it seizes, and since science has opened so many channels for individual and national development, surely the peoples might take the question under their

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own care, whether it is wise for them to allow their rulers to drift into war. Whether the notion be agreeable or not, it is absolutely certain that the voice of the governed is gaining daily more influence over those who govern; is it then a hopeful sign that simultaneously with the increase of popular power there should be also an increase of the warlike spirit among the nations? With all desire to respect the age in which we live for its learning and advancement, it is impossible to deny that however far its intellect may be ahead of its predecessors its morality is certainly not such as to make any one proud. The politics of the world to-day seem to be guided by motives as mean, as unprincipled, and as sordid as those which ever misdirected human affairs in the darkest days recorded in history. When will wisdom sit in the "high places?"

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 16.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.—FISHERIES, &c.

By the Rev. Æn. McD. Dawson, Ottawa.

HERRING.

That most useful fish, the HERRING, is very abundant on both the east and west coasts of Vancouver's Island. There is no bay, harbour, inlet, estuary or lagoon, that is not actually alive with them, at certain seasons of the year. Eminent travellers and naturalists express the conviction, that if Herring fisheries were once established on these coasts, or along the mainland, in the straits of Juan de Fenca, or amidst the islands in the Gulf of Georgia, they would prove highly remunerative. This kind of business has, indeed, been tried, but on a very limited scale. In this, as in every other undertaking from which it is hoped to derive profit and wealth, capital must be applied, and skilful hands must be employed in conducting the important process of drying, curing and packing. There is no want of salt. The country provides it in abundance. Wood also is plentiful, and of the best description, for making casks, building houses, boats, and even ships. British Columbia itself, now so prosperous, and steadily advancing, would afford a ready market for home consumption. The whole Pacific coast to California, and from San Francisco to Mexico, would afford willing purchasers of unlimited supplies of preserved fish, whilst trade in such desirable merchandize might be successfully established with China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands.

However this may be in days to come, Herrings, in the meantime, constitute the best *sea crop* of the Aboriginal tribes. In the month of April, chiefly, this rich *crop* is *harvested*. Herrings arrive in February and March, but at this time of the year they are small and lean. The April fish are finer, full of spawn and in high condition. They are eagerly sought, accordingly, by the Indian fishermen. All through the summer small shoals are occasionallly seen, but the Herring is never so good as in April. Towards the middle of this month, "the Coast Indians' lodges spring up like mushrooms, along the edges of the bays and harbours; large fleets of canoes dot the water in every direction, their swarthy crews continually loading them with glittering fish. Paddling ashore, they hand the cargo to the female part of the community, and then start again for another freight." They have various modes of fishing. Small hand-nets are in common use. With these they literally dip the Herrings out of the water into their canoes. The "rake" with which the Indians so successfully assail the Candle-fish, is also had recourse to. One Indian paddles, another holds the *rake* in both hands, by the rounded part or handle, and as soon as he arrives in the midst of a herring shoal, sweeps it through the water, and never fails to bring it up with a herring, and sometimes three or four impaled on each tooth.

A simple but effective system of Herring fishing is followed in Paget's Sound, Point Discovery and Port Townsend. The large mud flats which at these places run out into the sea, are left quite dry at ebb-tide. Across these flats the dusky fishermen construct long dams of lattice-work, with openings here and there, resembling salmon traps. Into these dams Herrings easily pass, but cannot return. Shoal upon shoal are thus entrapped, from two to three tons at one tide frequently becoming the prize of the lucky redskins.

There is a still more curious process. When the flat places just alluded to are clear of water, the Indians plant in the mud immense quantities of fir branches, lay others on the ground, and distribute them over the flats in various ways within the river dam. The herring spawn gets entangled on these branches, which are immediately taken to the lodges, in order that the fish eggs may be dried in the sun. As soon as dried they are brushed into baskets, in which they present the appearance of coarse brown sand. In this state the herring roe is stored up for future use, and a dainty morsel it is, in the estimation of Redskin Epicures, when well mixed with odorous fish oil. It is to them what *caviare* is to a more civilized people, the Russians. But, *caveas*, good reader, neither of these table dainties may appear to you a proof of superior civilization.

Of the immense numbers of herrings caught by the Indians, a few are consumed at once, but many more are cured and reserved for the wants of winter. From great numbers also the oil is extracted, and this appears to be the chief object of the Indian herring fishing. This part of the business is carried on by the Squaws. The oil-making process is simple enough and tolerably nasty. But to those primitive people it is food and fortune; and so is cheerfully borne with. The oil is stored in bottles made of a kind of sea-weed peculiar to the British Columbian coasts.

THE CHIRUS.

A fish scarcely less useful than the herring,—THE CHIRUS,—is often seen in the markets of Victoria and San Francisco. It is a finely-shaped, beautiful fish, about eighteen inches in length. Its sides are indeed rough, but rival in brilliancy many a tropical flower. It is covered with scales which are conspicuous by the variety and brightness of their colours. "They are grouped and blended," says Mr. Lord, "in a manner one sees only represented in the plumage of a bird, the wing of a butterfly, or the petals of an orchid." This showy denizen of the deep, which may well be styled 'an ocean swell,' is not only known as the CHIRUS, but is named also by the Indians *Terpugh* (a file); by the Aleutian Islanders *Dyajuk*, and by the inhabitants of Vancouver's Island *Tath-le-gest*. This fish is not only pleasing to the eye; it is also delicious to the palate. It frequents places where long ledges of rock, which become dry at low water, shelter it from the waves of the sea in rough weather. In such places it disports its gay person amidst garden of sea-plants and rich beds of jelly fish, crustaceans of various kinds, chitons, shrimps and juicy annalides. Whilst feasting on such dainty fare, the pretty Chirus often lingers till the tide recedes, and leaves him in secluded pools to become the prey of gulls, herons, shags,—which prowl over the rocks, or of the no less vigilant red men of the coast. Naturalists have likened this fish to a floating flower bed, so rich and varied, on its shiny person, is the blending of so many colours,—red, blue, orange and green. Three species are common around the islands and along the mainland coasts. The one most in demand, and most frequently exposed for sale, is the *Chirus Hexagrammus*, or six lined Chirus.

STICKLEBACKS.

A fish belonging to the genus COTTOIDÆ (*i. e.*, fish with mailed cheeks), is very common in the seas and rivers of British Columbia. It is called the Stickleback. It is of a very pugnacious temper, and, being provided with arms both offensive and defensive, it is a formidable combatant in the frequent wars which it wages. On the least provocation it joins battle with its neighbours of the finny tribes, and looks like a little fury, as it erects its sharp spines like so many spear points, and the colours of its scaly armour glisten and flash with something like phosphorescent brightness, its small, keen eyes at the same time all on fire with rage. This warlike disposition is manifested chiefly in defence of the little creature's nest, his wives and numerous family. He builds among the stems of aquatic plants, where the water flows sluggishly. Having nicely constructed his house, and glued it all firmly together by viscous secretions from his body, he invites the female fish in great numbers to deposit in it their ova, which are exposed only to the gentle current. The little polygamist keeps strict watch for six weeks, and sometimes a few days more, over his treasured hoard. And not without cause. Enemies of several kinds assail it. He is under the necessity of doing battle with fish of his own species, even with the females of the tribe. So devoted is he to his charge that he becomes strong and courageous against these hosts of foes, and defies them all. The horny armoured water beetles, even, are warded off by the fatal spear wounds, which in his warlike fury, he inflicts upon them. He has also to perform the duty of turning over the eggs, so that they may be all in their turn exposed to the action of the stream. Nor do his duties end when the progeny comes to light. It is related that when a youthful Stickleback, in the time of its minority, ventures beyond the family circle, he goes in pursuit of it, and seizing it in his mouth, brings it back to the nest.

There are three species of this fish which seek the fresh waters of British Columbia in order to build their nests and hatch their young. 1st., The saw-finned Stickleback (*Gasterosteus serratus.*) In this species the body is entirely plated. 2nd., The Puget-sound Stickleback (*Gasterosteus Pugettii*). It differs from the former in several ways. The body is only in part plated, the peduncle of the tail is not keeled, and the three dorsal spines are without serrations. The colour is pretty much the same. It is more distinctly purple on the sides. In both species the eyes are bright red when fresh from the water. 3rd., The Tiny Stickleback (*Gasterosteus concinnus*). This pretty fish has nine dorsal spines, none of which are serrated. The seventh and eighth are smaller than the preceding ones, and the ninth is longer than any of the rest. It is bright sea-green on the back, something between purple and pink on the sides. The belly is silvery-white, and the whole body is speckled with minute black spots. It is more abundant than the other two species. It swarms in the Saskatchewan and other rivers of the North-West, as far north as the 65th parallel. The natives of British Columbia neglect the Stickleback, better and larger fish being so plentiful. But in the countries east of the Rocky Mountains, sledge-loads are often fished up with wooden bowls. The same mode of fishing might be practised, and with the like success, in the prairie pools and rivers of the Western slope. Travellers have often taken great numbers of the species *Concinnus*, in Esquimalt harbour during the winter months. There is a kind of Stickleback (*Gasterosteus obolarius*) much used in Kamtschatka. The natives there make soup of it for themselves, and also use it in great quantities for feeding their sledge dogs.

The fifteen spine Stickleback, (*Gasterosteus spinachia*) well known in the waters of Great Britain, is very much akin to its compeers of the British Columbian mainland, Oregon, and Vancouver's Island.

THE BURNING OF BOULTON'S MILL, TORONTO.

One of the most extensive fires with which Toronto has been visited since the destruction of the Northern Elevator, occurred on the night of Friday, the 18th ult., the scene of the disaster being the Grist Mill owned by Mr. J. H Boulton, situated on the corner of Bay Street and the Esplanade. About a quarter past 7 o'clock the bell of the Bay street fire-hall rang out the alarm, and so soon as it was known that "Boulton's Mill" was on fire, the approaches were thronged by dense crowds of persons, and the services of a strong body of police, under the command of Sergt.-Major Cummins, Sergeants Stuart and Archibald, were required to keep them from interfering with the operations of the firemen.

The fire broke out in the third story of the southern part of the building, and before the engine arrived, the devastating element had obtained a strong hold, flames bursting out of two of the windows to such an extent as to give convincing proof of the fact that a most destructive conflagration was raging inside the mill. The engines were promptly on the spot, and a plentiful supply of water being easily obtainable from the lake, no time was lost in bringing the branches to play upon the burning mass, though the only way of getting the water to reach the place where the fire appeared to be confined, was through the two windows before mentioned, and a continuous stream was kept pouring into them. About 8 o'clock an entrance was effected into the office, which is situated on the first storey, and the books, papers and safe, which latter contained money and important documents, were rescued. An hour after the fire was discovered it was obvious that all chance of arresting its progress would prove futile, notwithstanding that Mr. Ashfield, the Chief Engineer, had called into requisition the aid of the auxiliary engine from the Court street Fire Hall, and there were no less than five streams playing on the building. Efforts were made to save as much of the stock as possible; bags of flour and empty barrels with which the lower storey was stored, were handed out, all more or less damaged by fire, water and smoke; the ground in the vicinity of the mill was strewed with flour which had issued from rents in the flour sacks, forming a sort of paste, which was sticky and disagreeable in the extreme. The flames soon spread from the third storey to the Elevator, which fortunately contained but little or no grain; and the beams of the gable, once on fire, burnt with an intensity, heightened by the fresh northerly wind blowing at the time, which soon brought them to the ground, to which they fell with a tremendous crash. The rafters of the slate roof next caught, and it was then seen that the destruction of the whole of the upper stories was inevitable. The flames ran along with lightning-like rapidity and burst forth from every window with a fury which baffled the exertions of the firemen. By midnight all that remained of the fine mill, which yesterday was in full work, were the four blackened walls; the interior, with the exception of the basement and first storey, being completely gutted.

The origin of the fire is a mystery. Mr. J. H Boulton states he left the mill at half-past six o'clock that evening, and that everything appeared to be perfectly safe. The mill stopped working at 6 p. m. as usual, and the hands had gone. On the floor where the fire appears to have broken out, nothing was stored, and no fire heat was allowed to be used there. Most of the stock was on the lower floors and in the packers were about 400 barrels of flour, which was completely destroyed. A large portion of the machinery is ruined, but the engine and stones are untouched. Fortunately the stock of grain and flour was extremely light; the majority of it was rescued, though, of course, damaged more or less, and the loss upon it is fully covered by insurance in the Hartford and Etna Fire offices.

The mill was a handsome and substantially built limestone structure, which cost Mr. Boulton $40,000 to erect and place in working order. It was four stories high in the south front and three in the rear, roofed with slate. The elevator was of considerable capacity, and considered almost fireproof from the thickness of the masonry. So far as could be ascertained that night, the walls of the building were uninjured, but it is not likely that any operations for repairing the damage done will be commenced this winter. Mr. Boulton estimates the total loss upon the building, stock and machinery at about $30,000, of of which $11,000 is covered by policies in the Western and Royal Insurance Companies.

THE OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS.

In our last we gave an illustration of the formal opening of the Odd Fellows' New Hall at Toronto. In this issue we give a group of the Grand Lodge and other officers present at the ceremony. The portraits of these gentlemen will no doubt be readily recognized by their friends.

VON MOLTKE RECONNOITERING BEFORE PARIS.

The great General Von Moltke, the mainspring of the Prussian war department, although a man past the usual limit of threescore-and-ten years that is assigned to human life, is notwithstanding hale, hearty and vigourous, and has already given proofs enough that his mental faculties are not only in perfect good keeping, but much beyond the par among men younger than himself. Throughout the whole of the campaign he has distinguished himself by his unwearying energy and activity, and now that the Prussian armies are in great part concentrated around Paris, and the world is waiting for the last act in the great drama which has been going on during the last four months, the General has necessarily redoubled his activity, for on him would fall all the consequences of defeat, and to him would be due all the glory of a great victory. Day after day the indefatigable old warrior is to be seen visiting the outposts, studying the defences of the capital, superintending the erection of batteries and the mounting of guns, and reconnoitering the positions of the enemy.

In our illustration is shown a position held by a Prussian

outpost at Garges, opposite the great Fort of St. Denis, to the north of Paris. Von Moltke, accomponied by his aide-de-camp Major Von Claer, is on a tour of inspection, and is represented as giving some orders to the soldier standing before him. Stretching out far into the back-ground is a panorama of the country out-lying Paris to the north, the villages and forts of St. Denis, Montmartre, and Mont Valerien, and in the far distance, can be seen, one on either side of the beacon surmounted by a cross, the Arc de Triomphe and the Dome of the Hotel des Invalides.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA AT THE OUTPOSTS.

We give on another page an illustration of the scene on the night of the 18th of August on the market-place, at Rezonville, in the neighbourhood of Metz It was the evening of the day when Marshal Bazaine had made a supreme effort to break through the Prussian lines that encircled him, and to effect a junction with McMahon, but had been driven back with great slaughter. By the camp-fire in front of Rezonville church is seated the King on a bench extemporised out of two logs of wood and a saddle. On the left stands the Chancellor, Count von Bismarck, engaged in taking down, at the King's dictation, a despatch announcing the victory gained that day. On the other side of the King is a group of three of the greatest Prussian generals of the day, Von Moltke, Von Roon, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, the latter modestly standing behind the two veterans from whom he learnt the art of war.

THE NEEPIGON REGION.

No. 7.—Views on Black Sturgeon River.

Our Neepigon Views this week represent the Northern and Southern Views at the 12th Rapid on the Black Sturgeon River. In our next issue we shall close this interesting series with a general view of the Islands in Lake Neepigon near the Hudson's Bay Post on the North Shore. These views, with the descriptive matter with which we have been able to accompany them, have introduced to our readers an important part of the country as yet but very little known. Much progress has been made of late years, however, in the exploration of the North-West, especially in the neighbourhood of Lake Superior, and now that public attention is thoroughly awakened to the necessity of a railway through Canadian territory, at least to Fort Garry, the district of country which our series of Neepigon pictures illustrates, will certainly receive much more notice than it has done heretofore.

THE WAR A MYTH.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand believe that since July a war has been raging between France and Prussia. Verily, the English are a gullible people, with an unlimited faith in the newspapers. Yet there were a few facts which ought to have opened the eyes of the most credulous.

The Queen, as usual, has passed the autumn at Balmoral. Her Majesty would have returned to Windsor last week, only the Princess Louise unfortunately sprained her knee. Now, we ask, can one be so disloyal as to suppose the Sovereign would be in the Highlands of Scotland whilst the peace of all Europe was imperilled by a terrible war, and when the prompt action of the English Government might put an end to the ruthless slaughter and devastation? No; at such a crisis our good Queen would have been in the vicinity of the metropolis.

Then consider the conduct of the Ministry. The right hon. gentlemen have been here, there and everywhere—shooting, fishing, bicycle-riding, and making holiday as they are wont to do after the labours of the Session. Is it possible that political rancour can make persons believe that the Ministers would thus act if a deadly war was being waged in France? What! the Prime Minister put off a Cabinet Council to visit the Agricultural Hall, when Paris was besieged, and the bombardment of the fair city hourly expected? No; the Ministers are not so callous and inhuman. Under such circumstances, the Cabinet would have had almost daily meetings, and have spared no pains to bring the belligerents to terms Even if their efforts were manifestly hopeless, they would still, for decency's sake, have evinced sympathy and anxiety. They would not have been at play whilst France was being devastated, and a bloody conflict was going on within a day's journey of London.

The war between France and Prussia is a fiction, invented by the newspapers to fill the columns during the dull season. That the story has been so generally accepted as true is not complimentary to the Queen or the Ministry.—*The Period.*

THE CHICAGO LAKE TUNNEL.

The Michigan Lake Tunnel, for supplying the city of Chicago with water, has been completed scarcely three years, and already a second and larger tunnel is not only contemplated, but the scheme has been put in shape, and the contracts have been laid open to competition. This new undertaking is for the West Side Water Works of Chicago, and will be upon a larger scale than Mr. Chesbrough's late work. The east or lake end of the tunnel will start from a point about 50 ft. to the south of the existing crib, and will reach to the shore, terminating in a land shaft to the rear of the present pumping works. The tunnel will be 7 ft. in diameter, lined with brickwork, and the land shaft will be 10 ft. in diameter, lined with 12 in. of brickwork, built upon a cast-iron curb. Thirty-five feet of this lining will be erected upon the base-plate, after which the ground beneath will be excavated, and the structure will be lowered into its place, additional brickwork being added as the curb descends. The bottom of this shaft will form a sump, which will be 5 ft. below the invert of the tunnel. The lake shaft which will be placed within the present crib, will be formed of a cast-iron cylinder, 8 ft. 6 in. in diameter, with a brick-lined sump at the bottom. Connexion between this shaft and the main tunnel is effected by means of a circular gallery, 7 ft. in diameter, running from the bottom of the lake shaft to the main tunnel, which it will intersect at right angles. Beyond this point of intersection the main tunnel will be extended eastwards for a distance of 65 ft. for convenience in carrying out any future extensions, but this prolongation will be closed 10 ft. beyond the intersection of the gallery by means of a bulkhead.

Water will be admitted into the tunnel by means of three sluices placed in the lake shaft. They will be rectangular, 42 in. wide, and 59 in. high; the bearing faces of the gates will be of brass, and they will be hung upon 2 in. screw rods, by means of which they can be opened or closed from the top of the shaft.

On the 20th of October the contracts for the whole of the work were laid open for competion: there were fifteen different offers, which ranged in amount from $42 to $20 per foot run for the tunnel, from $200 to $20.50 per foot for the land shaft, and from $373.20 to $75.22 per foot for the lake shaft.

POKER PICTURES.

The curious productions known as poker-pictures or poker-drawings, have neither paint nor inlay, neither pressing nor cutting. They are nothing but panels of wood in which dark shadings have been produced by the application of red-hot tools. Many school-rooms, many country mansions, and some churches, are in possession of specimens of this kind of art. "A Study of a Female Head," "A Tiger Killing Deer," "The Temptation of Christ," "Cornelius sending for St. Peter," "The Saviour Bearing the Cross," "The Good Samaritan," "The Head of a Rabbi," "Oliver Cromwell,"—these are among the subjects of such pictures known to have been produced in this eccentric department of art. Connoisseurs of poker-pictures talk about Smith, of Skinton; Cranch, of Axminster; Thompson, of Wilts, and Collis, of Ireland, as artists of some note. About the beginning of the present century, there was an exhibition of poker-pictures in London, comprising fifty-three specimens by a Mrs. Nelson, and thirteen by Miss Nelson. The pictures were, without any high-flown words, described as having been "done on wood with hot pokers;" and they were to be seen "at the farrier's adjoining the Lyceum, in the Strand." Cranch is said to have first tried his hand in this humble department while standing before an oaken chimney-piece; he took a red-hot poker out of the fire, and scorched a rather bold and effective design on the oaken panels. A good Smith, we are told, will fetch a tolerable price among the poker-admirers, in imitation of collectors' prices in other and higher walks of art. The scorching is effected by any heated bar of iron; but in the best specimens tools of various shapes are used, to make some of the scorched lines narrower and finer than others; the artists having, literally, many irons in the fire at once. The actual lines of the device are first pencilled or drawn; the scorching is to produce the shadows, the lighter tints being the result of holding the red-hot iron very close to the wood, but not quite touching it. If the panel have any strongly-marked lines, fibres, knots, eyes, curls, or other diversities of grain, the artist sometimes avails himself of these to produce pictorial effect, scorching around or near them according to circumstances. In one instance a kot in the wood was made to represent the eye in a portrait, by a few judicious touches of the scorching-iron; while in another case curled lines or grain-marks were made available to represent the furrows in an old man's cheek. The artist, in fact, studies his panel, or should do so.—*All the Year Round.*

CARRIER PIGEONS.

The following from the pages of an English contemporary will be read with interest at the present time:—

"Narratives are plentiful concerning particular flights of pigeons. In the last century, a gentleman in London sent a pigeon by stage-coach to a friend at Bury St Edmund's, with a note directing the friend to let the pigeon loose at nine in the morning on the second day afterwards. This was done, and the pigeon arrived at Bishopsgate street at half-past eleven, having done the distance of seventy-two miles in two hours and a half. In 1819, thirty-two pigeons, which had been reared at Antwerp and brought to London, were set loose on a particular day, each pigeon bore the words 'Antwerp' and 'London,' marked on the wings for identification. They started at seven in the morning; one arrived at Antwerp at noon, another a quarter of an hour afterwards, twelve others on the following day; but what became of the remaining eighteen was not known. In 1829, forty-two pigeons, reared at Maestricht, were conveyed to London. After being properly marked, they were let loose about half past eight on a particular morning; the first arrived at Maestricht at a quarter to three, having maintained an average speed of forty-five miles an hour (greater if the route had been at all circuitous); the second and third arrived about half-past three; seventeen more came in on the three following days; the rest were not heard of. It is impossible even to guess at the route followed and the rate of speed kept up by those which occupied fully three days in finding their way home. In 1830, one hundred and ten pigeons were brought from Brussels to London. Being let fly at a preconcerted time, nineteen of them reached Brussels within eight hours, one doing the distance of one hundred and eighty six miles in five hours and a half. What became of the larger number is not recorded. In 1831, two Liskeard pigeons were brought to London and let fly. They reached Liskeard—two hundred and twenty miles distant—in about six hours. One gained upon the other a quarter of an honr, equivalent to about nine miles, during the flight. Some of the reported instances of speed seem hardly credible. On one occasion. we are told, a gentleman of Cologne, having business to transact at Paris, laid a wager that he would let his friend know of his arrival within three hours after his reaching Paris. The bet was eagerly taken. He went to Paris, carrying with him two pigeons which had a young brood at Cologne. He arrived at Paris at ten o'clock one morning, started off the birds at eleven, and they arrived at Cologne about ten minutes past one. This is very much like one hundred and fifty miles an hour—a marvel that seems to require corroboration. Audubon says that wild pigeons have appeared at New-York with their crops full of rice, which they could only have gathered in Georgia or Carolina; and he calculated from the time in which pigeons digest food that the speed of flight must have been a mile a minute."

Here's another "obituary gem" in a Western paper, the publication of which is requested:

Grim death has taken darling little Jerry,
The son of Joseph and Syrena Howlis,
Seven days he wrestled with the dysentery,
He then perished with his little bowels.

Most likely it was weaning injured little Jerry.
His bottle seemed to injure his stomach's tone;
But with the angels he'll get plump and merry,
For there's no nursing bottles where he's gone.

VARIETIES.

Paper clothing is made in China and Japan. A coat costs ten cents, and a whole suit a quarter of a dollar.

The Florence *Official Gazette* informs all Garibaldian volunteers that they lose their right of citizenship in Italy by taking military service abroad.

Since the opening of the present century, eighty-six English patent and twenty-three French ones for perpetual motion have been granted or applied for.

The Queen has contributed £100, the Prince of Wales 50 guineas, Princess Louise and Prince Arthur £20 each, and Prince Leopold £15, to the *Captain* Relief Fund.

Fully one-third of the whole population of Massachusetts is now composed of Irish children. The baptisms of infants in the Catholic Church in that State amount to 20,000 per annum.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* believes an extensive scheme of army organization is at present under the consideration of the Government, and has reason to think that the special direction in which the proposed scheme will tend is towards the militia, and that we shall have a fully organized and really efficient militia force.

It is reported that Mr. Herbert, R.A., will be the first Slade Professor of Fine Arts to the new school of art now being built from the fund of the Slade bequest in connection with the London University College. It is understood that the artist will accept the post for the first year or so, if not permanently.

Herr J. Lauterbach was the last professional solo-violinist who ever played at the Tuileries, He appeared at the Court Concert given there last April, and, after his performance, received, as a mark of the Emperor's satisfaction, a gold snuff-box, and an invitation "to come again next spring." The artists of the Grand Opera then sang a "Miserere," and thus ended the last concert at the Tuileries.

A Brussels letter says:—Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay's suggestion that the men serving under the Red Cross should be provided with certificates, to place their employ beyond doubt, is creating quite a sensation here, and it is hoped that it will be followed up. It is simply disgusting to notice how largely the Red Cross is represented on the promenades, in the taverns, cafés, singing-rooms, and theatres of Brussels.

"Here is rather a good story; I can vouch for its truth," writes the "Besieged Resident" in Paris. "The Government recently visited one of the mairies. They were received by the mayor, whom they found established in a suite of apartments. He showed them over the palace, and then offered them luncheon. They then incidentally asked him who had nominated him to the post he so ably filled. 'Myself,' he replied, 'just by the same authority as you nominated yourselves, and no less.'"

We have the *carte* of a supper which an officer gave at the Hotel de l'Europe, Metz, last week, on the occasion of his receiving a decoration. For a fortress on the eve of surrendering by reason of famine, it must be owned that both the eating and drinking were far from despicable. Here it is—Soup à la Julienne, pille, roast beef, roast chicken and salad, horse-brains and cauliflower, hare; dessert, preserves, bon-bons, Rhine wine, château de Pape, champagne, cognac, tea, coffee, Maraschino, cigars.

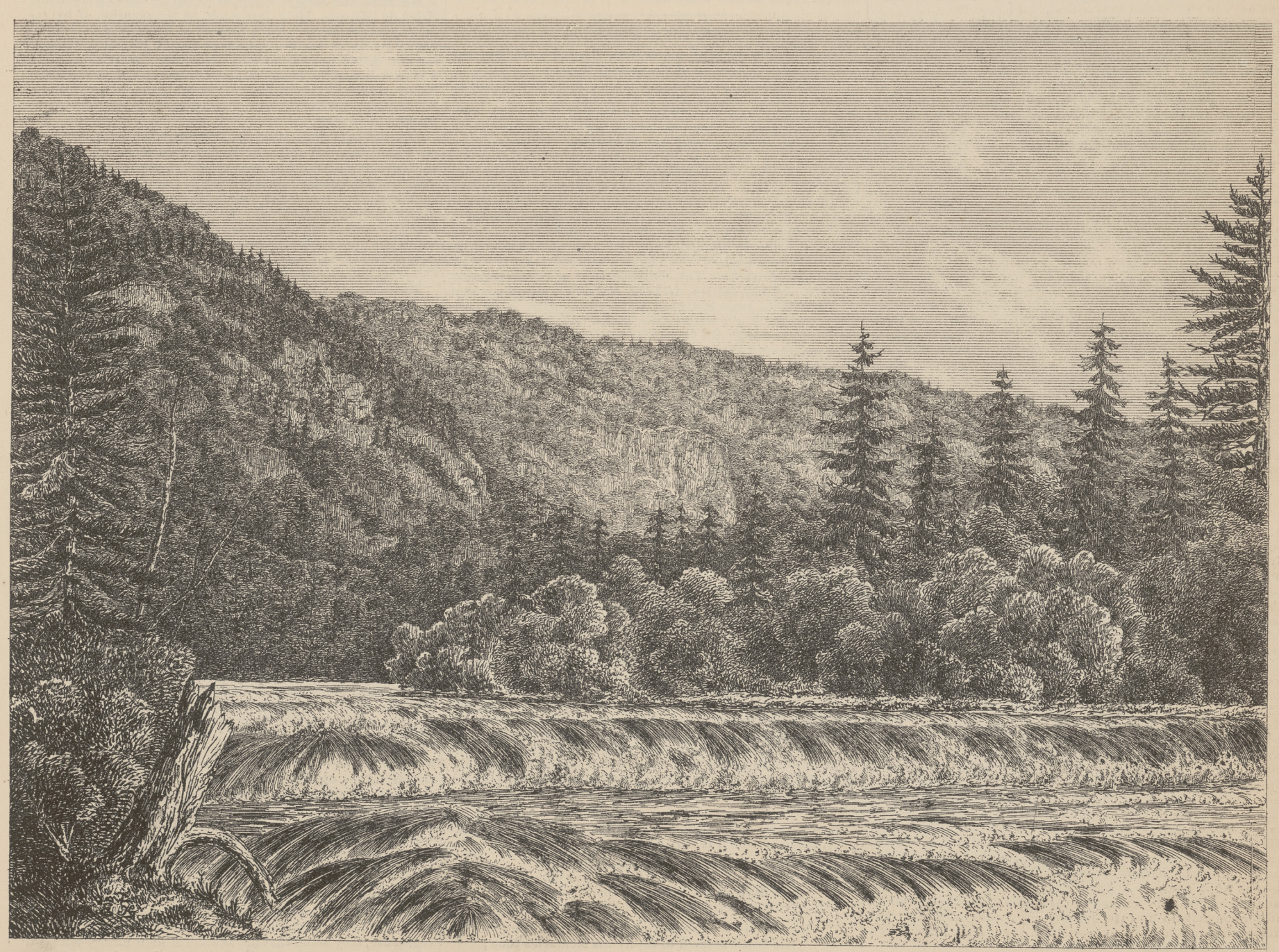
An American paper gives the following instructive "Rooles for Playin Onto a Organ into Meetin:"—"When the preacher cums in and neels down in the poolpit pull out all the stoppers. That's wot the stoppers is for. When a him is gave out to be sung. play over the whoal toon before singin' but be sure to play it so that they can't tell whether its the toon or some other toon. It will amoose the people to guess. When you play the interloods sumtimes pull all the stoppers out, and sumtimes pull them all in. The stoppers is made to pull out and in. Play the interloods about twice as long as the toon."

The Chinese division of human life is interesting. The age is called the opening degree; 20, youth expired; 30, strength and marriage; 40, officially apt; 50, error knowing; 60, eyes closing; 70, rare bird of age; 80, rusty visage; 90, delayed; 100, life's extremity. Flourens's division is more scientific: 1-10 years, infancy; 10-20, adolescence; 20-30, first youth; 30-40, second youth; 40-55, first manhood; 55-70, second manhood; 70-85, first old age; 85-100, second and last old age.

The Germans have their post-cards as well as we, and abuse the new institution in about the same manner. At Dresden a gentleman received a card conveying the following message:—"I have lost my purse yesterday at the Elbe Baths, with three napoleons in it. I dropped it close to the water-mark, where it must lie still. As you are a good diver, pray go a-bathing with me this evening at six." The gentleman kept the appointment, and was surprised to see two or three postmen go into the baths just before him. On the platform his astonishment increased, for in spite of the unusual hour there were numbers of Post Office clerks there. They took uncommonly long dives. The writer of the card was sitting at a little distance enjoying the sight.—*Court Journal.*

Near Doylestown there is a boarding-house, which is always filled in summer time with parties from Philadelphia. Last August two young men who were staying there, went out one afternoon to take a swim in the mill-dam. They placed their clothes upon the bank and were paddling about, when they saw two ladies coming towards them over the hill. They shouted and gesticulated, but the fair beings came straight forward to the dam, apparently without hearing them. And they came, too, right to the very spot where the garments of the bathers lay. The young men got frightened and swam swiftly up the stream. The infatuated women came right on, and, getting into a boat, they rowed up stream also. At last the swimmers, closely pursued, got into shallow water, and were forced in sheer despair to emerge and to hide in the woods upon the other shore from that on which their clothes were. The women pulled leisurely about for an hour and a half, at the end of which time the swimmers came out of the woods, bitten from head to foot by mosquitoes, straddlebugs, ticks, spiders, and all kinds of insects, so that they were swollen to nearly twice their usual size. They dressed themselves, and went home discouraged. When they reached the boarding-house, they found that the authors of their misery were two of the male boarders who had dressed themselves in female apparel.

NEEPIGON, No. 14.—BLACK STURGEON RIVER RAPIDS, LOOKING SOUTH. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



NEEPIGON, No. 15.—BLACK STURGEON RIVER RAPIDS, LOOKING NORTH. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

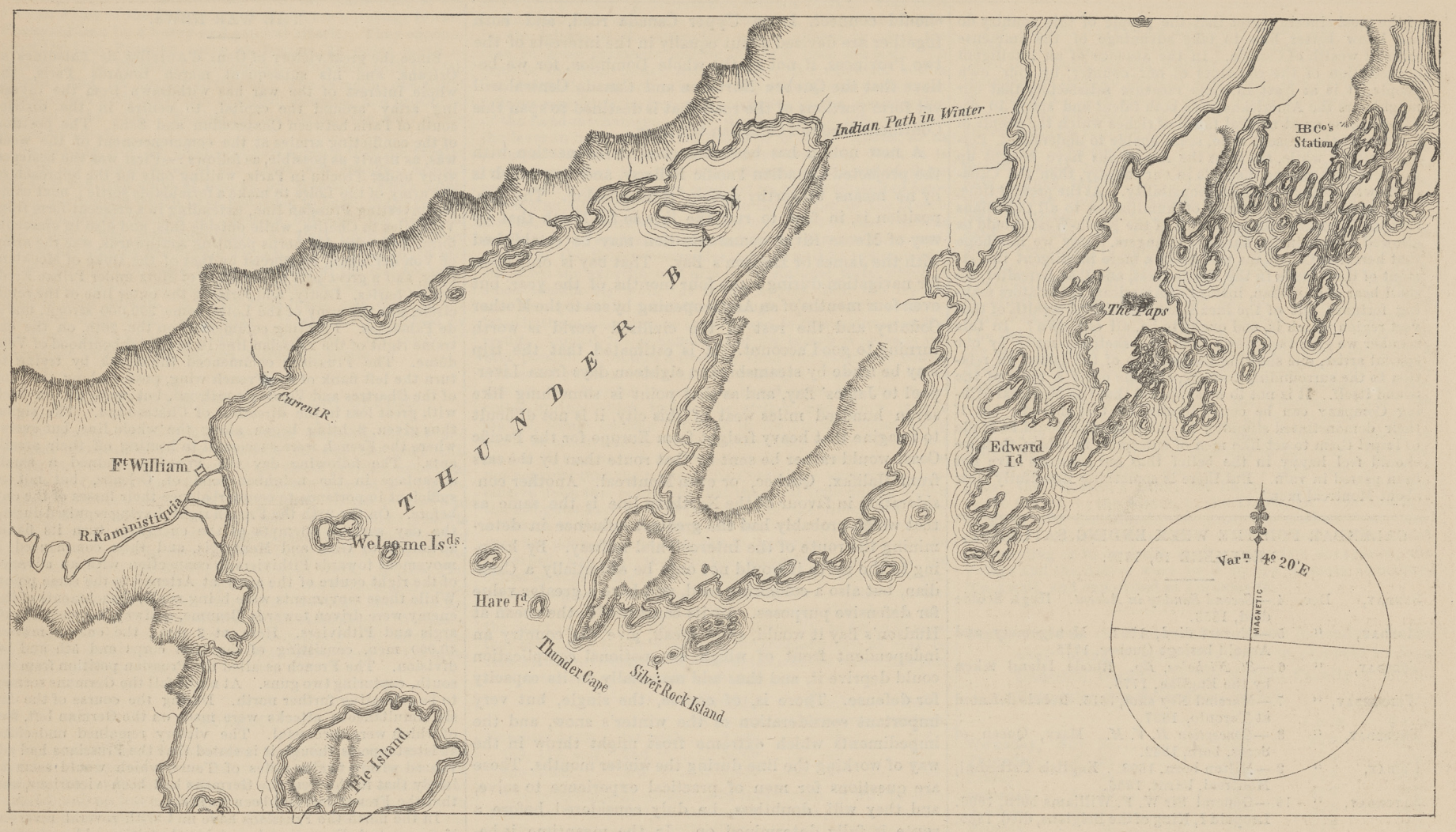


CHART SHEWING THE POSITION OF SILVER ISLAND, LAKE SUPERIOR. COPIED FROM SHEET NO. 2 OF BAYFIELD'S CHARTS.

SILVER ISLAND, LAKE SUPERIOR.

The Duluth *Minnesotian* of Oct. 29th, says:—"We have before alluded to the Silver Island of the north shore of Lake Superior, in the British Possessions, just below Thunder Cape, and some fifteen miles beyond Fort William. The island is quite small in dimensions—say 100 feet by 40—and the most of it is submerged at high water—a small part at one end is about eight feet above the lake level. This island was entered by the Montreal Mining Company as part of a tract embracing 108,000 acres, and the island was subsequently purchased of them by Capt. Wm. B. Frew (formerly of Portage Lake, and Superintendent of the South Pewabic copper mine) for himself and associates, including among them Major Sibley, of New York, a brother, we think, of Gen. Sibley, of St. Paul. The Montreal Mining Company first made the discovery that the island contained silver, and by their agents sunk a shaft on the island; but these knew little or nothing of mining, and the water coming in upon them, further working of their mine was abandoned as useless. It was only last summer that Captain F. and his company completed their bargain with the Montreal Company for the island, and secured it by paying, or agreeing to pay, $250,000 for the entire 108,000 acres. They went immediately to work at improving the mine in a "workmanlike manner." Their first step was to surround the island with cribs of timber, filled with stone, to serve as a breakwater and an ice-breaker; and within these cribs a cofferdam was built, and puddled with clay, having the effect of making the whole interior of the island nearly watertight, at least from the intrusions of the lake. The next step was to set up two large syphon pumps, worked by steam, by which the inside was pumped dry, or nearly so, and it has since been found that a very little working of the pumps daily keeps the island clear of water entirely. Then they went to work laying bare the vein: and now have exposed seventy feet in length, and find it to be a true fissure vein, with perpendicular walls—the vein of silver matrix being calcareous spar with some little quartz intermixed. The vein is eight feet wide, and eye-witnesses from there state that for one-quarter of this width it will average seventy per cent of pure silver. On the first trial, after the water was gotten out, six men took out $35,000 worth of silver in four days; and up to the latest accounts the working has been continued at about this rate. Already 123 barrels of native silver, estimated to be worth $75,000 to $100,000, have been shipped. The yield of the mine, computed by the ton, is not less than a dollar to the pound! The mine employs now about forty men, and the Company will increase their force immediately."

"The 'royalty' paid on this to the English Government is quite small—not exceeding one-twentieth. Eye-witnesses of intelligence, judgment, and experience, report that Capt. Frew will probably take out of silver, up to the opening of navigation next spring, from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000 in money value. The steamer "Meteor" conveyed down the lakes, on her trip before last, sixty-two barrels of silver This Silver Island is no humbug, but an actual *bona fide* affair, in which the most wonderful results have already been obtained, and all bids fair to make it in yield and richness, the most remarkable mining discovery in this country for many years. Some masses of silver went down on the "Meteor" larger and heavier than a man could lift. A part of the island vein, say two feet of the eight feet in width, is wonderfully rich, and it is from this portion that the large silver masses are extracted Other rich mines of silver are reported as having been found on the main north shore in the range of the Silver Island, and Capt. Hodson, of Portage Lake, has gone east to organize a company to work them."

This short history, we think, is about the best endorsement we could possibly give to Prof Dawson's lectures in favour of scientific education. It is possibly too late to reproach the Montreal Mining Company for their now well developed stupidity; but it must be, to all patriotic Canadians, a cause

Silver Island.

SILVER ISLAND, SEEN FROM THE MAIN-LAND. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

of the most sincere regret that the people of this country do not know better how to take advantage of the immense mineral wealth of Canada. In the absence of an intelligent appreciation of the resources of our country by our own people, it is at least in some measure satisfactory that our neighbours the Americans have both talent and spirit to develope those great natural funds of riches which the people of Canada, at the present time, seem unable to understand. Perhaps, after a while, say after the Americans have bought up the very best mining districts in our country, then the Canadians will awake to their responsibility. At the present time, it is undoubtedly a source of humiliation to all Canadians that the immense mining wealth of the North-West should be allowed to pass in the hands of strangers. May we not hope that hereafter Canadians will make a more intelligent investment of their funds in the North-West, and that, hereafter, we shall hear of Canadian, instead of American, speculators making fortunes out of the inexhaustible mineral wealth of that vast region which is, and ought to be, all our own? In this number we give two views from the sketches made by our special artist, one showing the position of the island in relation to the surrounding country, and the other a view of the island itself. It is not to be supposed that the Montreal Mining Company can be congratulated on this matter; but if their demonstrated stupidity in one particular could be made to impel them to act like men of enterprise in others, then we should feel happy in the belief thas our censures have not been passed in vain. But there is something dreadfully slow about Montreal men!

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

SUNDAY,	Dec.	4.—*Second Sunday in Advent.* Hugh Scobie died, 1853.
MONDAY,	"	5.—Mozart died, 1792. Montgomery and Arnold besiege Quebec, 1775.
TUESDAY,	"	6.—*St. Nicholas, Bp.* Rhode Island taken by the English, 1776.
WEDNESDAY,	"	7.—Marshal Ney shot, 1815. Rebels defeated at Toronto, 1837.
THURSDAY,	"	8.—*Conception B. V. M.* Mary, Queen of Scots, born, 1542.
FRIDAY,	"	9.—Milton born, 1608. English Cathedral, Montreal, burnt, 1856.
SATURDAY,	"	10.—General Sir W. F. Williams born, 1800. Leopold I, King of the Belgians, died, 1865.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

"My politics are railways," said the late Sir Allan N. Macnab, in 1851. The gallant old Knight had chosen a wise creed. The Great Western and the Grand Trunk were then on the *tapis*, and both these roads have since been built with immense advantage to the country. But the Grand Trunk crosses the St. Lawrence at Montreal and runs on the South Shore, past Quebec to Rivière du Loup, where it connects with the Intercolonial that is to be. Doubtless the policy which took the Grand Trunk Railway across the river and formed the Portland and other connections, was a wise one; but experience has demonstrated the necessity of a North Shore line, at least from Quebec westwards. This line, it is proposed, should run from Quebec to Montreal, and thence to Aylmer. There may be question as to the proper place for crossing the Ottawa River; but we cannot think that the comparatively insignificant Village of Aylmer offers an attractive terminus for a railway. The fact is that the miserable Chaudière bridge proves the ease with which the river can be spanned at Ottawa, and that surely is the place for the railway to pass from the one Province to the other. There may be other points further down the stream where a favourable place for bridging could be found, but it seems most appropriate that the railway should cross the river at Ottawa City. The Counties of Russell and Prescott have neither very much claim, nor do they offer very much traffic to a railway. It is away back in the indefinite North whence traffic would be expected to pour in, and therefore we think that at the City of Ottawa would be found the best place, for commercial as well as for mechanical reasons, to cross the river.

Instead of running the railway to Aylmer in the Province of Quebec, common sense would suggest that, if it goes north of Ottawa City, it should be carried still more inland, so as to strike some point higher up the river. But we assume that the idea of a North Shore Railway is founded on the acknowledged necessities of the people inhabiting the Northern Townships, who desire, and require an easier and more expeditious route to market than they now possess. It is not, therefore, merely a colonization road that is proposed, but a trunk line in the interior of the country such as will give the North Shore townships both of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa the same advantages as those on the South now enjoy. This line, running mainly from East to West, would in time be fed by cheap branches of wooden railways running North, and would thus be of immense benefit in developing the resources of the country. Though the road is planned for Lower Canada, we cannot believe that this Province alone is interested in its construction. The Canada Central, with which it is wisely intended that it should connect, is an Upper Canada road, and both together are devised about equally in the interests of the two Provinces, if not of the whole Dominion, for we believe that the Quebec Northern and Canada Central will yet form portions of the road that is destined to span this Continent through Canadian territory.

A new notion has been broached in connection with the projected Canadian Pacific Railway, and one which is by no means unworthy serious consideration. The proposition is, in fact, to run the line so far North that by way of Moose River communication may be established with the James or Hudson's Bay. That bay is only open for navigation during some four months of the year, but even four months of an Arctic opening by sea to the Mother Country and the rest of the civilized world is worth turning to good account. It is estimated that the trip may be made by steamships in eighteen days from Liverpool to James' Bay, and as that point is something like seven hundred miles west of this city, it is not difficult to imagine that heavy freight from Europe for the Pacific Coast would rather be sent by that route than by the cars from Halifax, Quebec, or even Montreal. Another consideration in favour of the Northern line is the same as that which probably had the greatest influence in determining the route of the Intercolonial railway. By keeping to the north it would not only be essentially a Canadian, but also a colonizing road, and have a greater value for defensive purposes. By its contact with the ocean at Hudson's Bay it would, so to speak, give the country an independent front of which no national complication could deprive it, and thus add materially to its capacity for defence. There is, of course, the single, but very important consideration of the winter's snow, and the impediments which extreme frost might throw in the way of working the line during the winter months. These are questions for men of practical experience to solve, and they will, doubtless, be duly considered before a route is fully determined on. In the meantime, it behoves the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario to push forward their railway schemes, in the assurance that the Dominion will ultimately carry them into, and through, the North-West, whence, in years to come, the manufacturers and business men of old Canada will not only find their best and most numerous customers, but also the bread and meat supply for their workmen.

THE telegraphic despatches continue to discuss the Russian difficulty, and, notwithstanding the occasional contradictions that appear in them, make it quite apparent that the danger of a rupture is past, at least for the present. If it be true that Paris has capitulated, then we may expect an early re-establishment of peace between France and Prussia, and this would undoubtedly have a most beneficial influence in moderating the pretensions of the Court of St. Petersburg. With France at peace, and under a strong government prepared to do its part in compelling the respect of treaties, Russia would be far less likely than she is under present circumstances to make exorbitant demands as to her rights in the Black Sea. For this as for other reasons, and for the common interests of humanity, all must desire that France would recognize the fact with which the outside world has now become familiar, that she has been completely worsted in the war. The utter rout of the Army of the Loire seemingly dispels the last lingering hope of France for a change in the fortunes of battle.

Advertisers in the *Canadian Illustrated News* may feel assured as to the very general diffusion throughout the country of the announcements appearing in its columns, from the fact that we send the paper directly from the office to no less than 539 different Post Offices throughout the Dominion. This dispatch is for subscribers only, and altogether exclusive of the sales by news agents throughout the Provinces, or on board the railways, &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEEPIGON REGION.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, *Nov.* 26, 1870.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

SIR.—I have carefully noticed a series of illustrations in your paper under the title of "Views of Neepigon," and am desirous of testifying to their truthfulness and fidelity. As I have been stationed in that region many years, I think I am capable of judging. I consider, indeed, that your paper is an acquisition to the Illustrated Press.

Yours, &c.,
A. MACDONALD,
H. B. COY.

On the evening of the 14th instant a grand banquet was given at Kingston in honour of two returned Papal Zouaves, Lieut. Murray and his brother. The Kingston *Whig* reports it as one of the most successful public dinners ever given in Kingston. Bishop Horan, several clergymen, and about a hundred and twenty gentlemen were present. Mr. James O'Reilly, Q. C., presided.

THE WAR NEWS.

Since the great victory of Gen. d'Aurelles de Paladines at Orleans, and his subsequent march towards Paris, the whole interest of the war has withdrawn from the investing army around the capital, to centre in the district south of Paris between Chateaudun and Sens. The position of the conflicting armies at the commencement of the week was, as nearly as possible, as follows:—First was the besieged army under Trochu in Paris, waiting only for the approach of the army of the Loire to make a formidable sortie; next came the investing Prussian line, extending in a crescent-form from Versailles to Chelles, while outside this, and also in crescent-form, but with its horns pointing southwards, was the army of Von der Tann, reinforced by that of the Duke of Mecklenburg, and a great part of the army of Metz under Prince Frederick Charles. Lastly, and forming the outer line of the semi-circle, was the army of the Loire, some 300,000 strong, under de Paladines. Fighting commenced on the 26th, on the extreme right of the Prussian line in the neighbourhood of Vendôme. The Prussians commenced the attack by trying to turn the left flank of the French wing, posted along the line of the Chartres and Vendôme railroad, but were driven back with great loss in the direction of Châteaudun. The signal thus given, fighting began along the whole line, but everywhere the French were successful in beating off their assailants. The following day the Prussians gained a small advantage in the neighbourhood of Orleans, but not of sufficient importance to counterbalance their losses of the day before. On the 28th the French right, having repulsed during the day several attempts of the enemy to turn its flank, advanced to Gien and Montargis. and then commenced a movement towards Pithiviers in connection with an advance of the right centre of the army at Artenay to the same point. While these movements were being made, detachments of the enemy were driven towards Beaume, midway between Montargis and Pithiviers. Here, at 2 p.m., the enemy massed 40,000 men, consisting of the 10th corps and 5th and 1st division. The French assailed the Prussian position from the south, capturing two guns. At night-fall the Germans seemed to be retreating further north. During the course of the day six simultaneous attacks were made on the German left, five of which were successful. The victory remained undecided at latest reports, though it is stated that the Prussians had advanced within twelve miles of Tours, which would seem to imply that in the west the Germans had been victorious, and that the French left had been turned.

In the north the Prussians have met with several reverses, if we are to believe the despatches, but it would seem that none of these have been of sufficient importance to check their advance. Two engagements took place on Sunday, in the first of which, some twelve miles south of Amiens, the Prussian forces are said to have been defeated, and to have been driven back into their trenches before Amiens. In the other, which is given as having taken place between Villiers and Saleux, the French after several hours' resistance were driven from their position, and were again attacked and driven back later in the day from their entrenchments at Bouves, west of Villiers. Evidently another engagement ensued the following morning, although the despatches make no mention of it, for we learn that on the 28th a force of seventy thousand Prussians occupied Amiens. In the north-west success has everywhere attended the German arms; a large force occupies Evreux, the capital of the department of the Eure, and the whole country along the valley of the Eure is overrun. Manteuffel, who has command of this army, is preparing, it is said, to march on Rouen, probably with a view of carrying on operations in the Norman department, while Von Groten, who now holds Amiens, undertakes the reduction of Lille and Dunkirk.

In the east also fortune has befriended the Prussians. After a furious bombardment Thionville has surrendered, but half of the city has been laid in ashes. It is reported that the investing armies before Montmédy and Mézières have been withdrawn, in order to take part in the campaign in the south. There is no news whatever from Belfort, but intelligence has been received of two engagements between General Werder and Garibaldi, in both of which the Italian general was defeated. The loss was but small. Menotti Garibaldi is said to have commanded two thousand men in the last engagement.

From Paris nothing of any importance is reported. An attack was made upon the Bavarians at Choisy-le-Roi, but the assailants were repulsed with a heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. Provisions are said to be falling short; meat has become so scarce that rats and sparrows have become staple articles of food. A French paper, the *Temps*, says that beef will wholly fail in a week, horse-flesh in a fortnight, and salt-meat in a week longer. There are sufficient vegetables and flour, however, to last three weeks longer.

As we go to press there are rumours of the capitulation of Paris. The following are the latest despatches to hand:

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—A London depatch says that the *Times* says that Bismarck has resumed his old plan to restore the French Empire to power upon the ruins of the Republic. To prove this, the *Times* says the terms of peace have already been sealed, if not signed, with Napoleon, at Wilhelmshohe, whereby, upon the basis of the cession of the strongholds of Strasburg and Metz to Germany, Napoleon and his Marshals, McMahon, Bazaine, Lebœuf, and Canrobert, at the head of the remnants of the Imperial Guards, and the 300,000 French prisoners now confined in Germany, who are to have their arms restored, will march in pageant from the Rhine and relieve the German guard now before Paris, and they will force the capitulation of the capital. The German troops besieging Paris being superseded by the French, will return home, except those whose presence will be necessary to hold the ceded Provinces. The *Times* considers the story difficult to believe, but the difficulties of Bismarck and Napoleon may have rendered them careless of consequences, or caused them to blindly overlook them.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The following, dated Versailles early this morning, has just been received:—On Monday and Tuesday the forts around Paris, particularly those to the south, maintained a furious cannonade, merely to cover a sortie on Tuesday. On Monday the Parisians came out toward La Hay, supported by their gunboats in the Seine. At this point, the position of the 6th Prussian corps, they attacked fiercely. Simultaneously other sorties were made in other directions, with the view, probably, to prevent reinforcements to the 6th corps. In all cases, however. the French were repulsed and driven back behind the fortifications. The entire Prussian

loss in these actions was only 7 officers and a few hundred men, while the French lost 1,600 in prisoners alone. The French have been badly beaten near Amiens. Their army was totally routed and fled toward Arras. Four French guns were captured. On Monday, the 28th, the main body of the Frenah Army of the Loire attempted to force a passage toward Fontainebleau by a heavy and general attack. They encountered the 10th Prussian corps at Beaune, 26 miles north of Orleans. The Prussians were quickly reinforced with the 5th infantry and 1st cavalry divisions. The French onslaught was repulsed with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, especially the latter. Failing in this attempt the army of the Loire withdrew.

VERSAILLES, Nov. 30, noon.—It now appears that the greater part of the French army of the Loire was engaged against the Prussian 10th corps at Beaune on Monday. From additional particulars which have just come to hand, in the reports of commanders, there is no question but that the defeat of the French was most complete. At least 1,000 killed were left on the field by the fleeing French; 1,700 unwounded prisoners had been captured by the Germans at the last account, and the number was constantly increasing as the Prussians were in close pursuit. A sortie from Paris was made in the direction of St. Cloud on Monday. It was easily repulsed by the Prussians, who suffered only a slight loss. The people of Versailles were terribly excited during the battle.

L. PERRAULT & CO'S. PRINTING OFFICE.

The Messrs. Perrault, the exterior of whose handsome and elegant printing office we illustrate on our last page this week, have unquestionably one of the finest printing establishments in Canada, and they have already secured a wide reputation for the execution of job printing in the neatest and most artistic manner. Interiorly their establishment presents a most orderly and attractive appearance, the arrangement of the presses, printing material, &c., being such as to give the best facilities for the speedy execution of work. Messrs. Perrault have lately became proprietors of the French journal *Le Pays*, which they publish daily both morning and evening. They also issue a weekly edition of the same sheet. We know not whether the change in the proprietary will affect the politics of the *Pays*, which heretofore have been of the most prominent liberal stamp.

QUEBEC.

Many of our readers are familiar with the ancient town of Quebec; its narrow streets, its quaint buildings, its break-neck side-walks, and steep hills, its esplanade, its magnificent citadel, and no less magnificent scenery surrounding it. In this number we give a view looking westward from the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral, taking in St. John's and St. Roch's suburbs with a part of the valley of the St. Charles in the distance. Many of the most important events in the history of Canada are associated with Quebec. There Jacques Cartier in 1534 founded the the Indian village of Stadacona, and in 1605 Samuel Champlain founded the city of Quebec, shewing great sagacity in the selection of the site which, for defensive purposes, is so important as to have earned the title of "the Gibraltar of America." Before the final conquest of Canada, Quebec suffered more than an ordinary share of the vicissitudes of war; and if enormous and terribly destructive fires can be ranked among the miseries of peace, it has had an unfortunate pre-eminence in these. Its progress has therefore not been so rapid as that of the cities further west, but after a long time of stagnation it promises again to enter on the march of advancement with renewed vigour, The railway and colonization road schemes now being carried out under the encouraging patronage of the Local Government, promise to establish a rural population in the country around Quebec that will add immensely to the trade and commercial importance of the city.

A despatch from Quebec says:—"The Gosford Wooden Railway was formally opened on Saturday by an excursion trip over the whole line, in which the Lieutenant-Governor, the Speaker of the Assembly, a large number of members of both Houses of Parliament, the New Brunswick delegates, members of the press, and many leading citizens participated. The excursionists were provided with a splendid luncheon at Gosford, and speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Joly, M. P., Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Senator Beckwith, and others, all agreeing, from the satisfactory manner in which the road worked, that wooden railways were the best colonizers for Quebec."

THE MARTINI-HENRY RIFLE.

AFTER the conclusion of the investigation of breechloading small arms by the sub-committee appointed to the work, the War Office lost but little time in taking steps to subject the rifle that had been recommended by the Committee to the real test of every-day work and ordinary usage in the hands of troops, in order to ascertain how far the favourable opinions that had been officially expressed were justified. Accordingly, in the beginning of last year, 200 rifles were ordered, and these made chiefly by hand labour, but partly by the aid of such machinery as could be readily adapted for the purpose, were completed and served out in the summer of 1869. In distributing the arms, care was taken that they should be subjected as far as possible to the different circumstances arising from variation of climate, and the specialities of the different services. Accordingly they were despatched to Aldershot and Dublin, to the school of Musketry at Hythe, to the Royal Engineers at Gravesend, to Porstmouth, Quebec, Ottawa, and Montreal, on board the Excellent at Portsmouth, and the Cambridge at Devonport. The rifles thus distributed were exposed to some months of hard service, to ascertain, if possible, their defects, and to learn how soon the men became accustomed to them. Out of these two hundred weapons, seven failures are reported, which may, most of them, be traced to faulty manufacture, arising, at least in some cases, from the fact that they were hand, and not machine made. Two fractures were due to flaws in the metal, one to unfair usage; in two cases evident signs existed of defective workmanship. There exists but one opinion as to the facility of loading the Martini-Henry. Out of all the reports sent in, there are but two instances in which the cartridges were introduced with difficulty, pointing out again either the deficiency of the hand made mechanism, or defects in the cartridge. Indeed, the cartridges supplied appear to have been unsatisfactory. They show an inequality in size, a readiness to bend, and a tendency for the paper round them to ruck up and strip, preventing its insertion into the breech. This fault in the cartridge was made manifest, also, in many instances by the failure of the extractor, which refused to eject the case, in some instances tearing the base from the body. In some of the rifles under trial, however, the extractor action was decidedly bad, but as in the majority it was perfect, the failures may fairly be traced to the faults in the construction of the hand-mechanism. It is worthy of note, however, that the lever in none of the rifles has been bent or broken, so as to impede the action, a somewhat important fact, when it is remembered that the men were strange to the use of these arms, which in many cases required an undue amount of force to manipulate them. In regard to the fouling of the breech mechanism by dirt and rust through exposure and careless treatment, the evidence of practice fairly bears out the experiments of the Select Committee, who, it will be remembered, subjected the experimental arm to exceptional tests, which it stood remarkably well. It would appear from the reports sent in upon this point, that, though rust and grit accumulated in the mechanism, no impediment to free action was the result. Indeed, the arrangement of the breech is perhaps the best possible to obtain a freedom from the dangerous consequences of rusting. One of the principal objections urged against the Martini breech was based upon the use of the coiled spring which impels the striker, and which, it was argued, would become deficient in its action, besides being liable to break, and so reduce the efficiency of the rifle, if not render it useless till the defect could be repaired. We do not consider that the trials of the Committee were quite conclusive upon this point, nor that the short time during which the 200 guns have been in the hands of the troops has been sufficient to test the spring. So far, however, as this experience has gone, there is little left to be desired. It should be remarked, however, that in the majority of instances the coiled springs of the 200 rifles were originally made too weak, occasioning an undue proportion of miss-fires. The substitution of stronger springs materially amended this defect, and the practice with the rifles proves distinctly, as far as it goes, that the spring is not weakened by constant use, as may be seen by the performance of some of the rifles in which this part is reported to have become weakened:—

		Number of rounds.	Number of miss-fires.	Percentage.
Numbers 9, 68,	1st trial....	2,999	79	2.6
102, 112, and	2nd "	3,000	90	3.0
180 rifles.	3rd "	2,810	27	0.96

The percentage of miss-fires in these trials, it will be seen, decreased considerably in the last trial, but this evidence is hardly conclusive of the reliability of the coiled springs under the severe test of actual service and of lengthened usage. There seems to be little doubt that the miss-fires were in some of the rifles occasioned by the striker being too short, a defect arising from the cause we have previously mentioned, but which would be entirely obviated when the manufacture was carried out on a large scale. But, taken altogether, the average of miss-fires has been very small. Thus, from 86 guns there were fired collectively 26,463 rounds, with a percentage of .034 misses.

But although both officers and men agree in approval of the new rifle, and although the experience now obtained justifies their favourable opinion, considerable objection is raised against the cartridge which certainly required modification. It is too long and easily bent, it is apt to interfere with ready loading, and with free extraction, and these objections are sufficiently serious to warrant a considerable alteration in its form and construction.

With regard to the rifle itself the new experience we now possess corroborates what we have always advanced on the subject, and establishes the opinion of the Special Committee when they recommended it to the Government for general adoption in the service.—*Engineering*.

An editor in New Jersey had a little nephew only six months old, and the little nephew died. Some of the editor's friends considered that it would be a good thing to give to the afflicted uncle a substantial expression of their sympathy; so they contracted with a local sculptor for a gravestone. The design consisted of an angel carrying the little one in her arms flying away, while a woman sat weeping upon the ground. It was executed horribly. The tombstone was sent to the editor, with a simple request that he would accept. As he was absent, the junior editor determined to acknowledge it, although he hadn't the slightest idea what it meant. So next day he burst out in the paper with the following remarks:—"ART NEWS."—We have received from the hands of our eminent sculptor, a comic *bas relief* designed for an ornamental fire-board. It represents an Irishman in his night-shirt running away with the little god Cupid, while the Irishman's sweetheart hides her head indifferently in the corner. Every true work of art tells its own story; and we understand, as soon as we glance at this, that our Irish friend has been coquetted with by the fair one, and is pretending to transfer his love to other quarters. There is a lurking smile on the Irishman's lips which expresses his mischievous intentions perfectly. We think it would have been better, however, to have clothed him in something else than a night-shirt, and to have smoothed down his hair. We have placed this *chef d'œuvre* beneath our kitchen mantlepiece, where it will be admired by the friends of the artist when they call. We are glad to encourage such progress in local art.

The animals in the famous Jardin des Plantes are reported as in a bad way through the siege of Paris. The elephants are getting weak on their pins, like so many broken-down cricketers; the lions are put on short commons; the hippopotamus looks morose, and the black bear is climbing up his tree and dropping down again, as if he had discovered perpetual motion. He begs as supplicating as any lady's lapdog, but very few crumbs of comfort, we fear, fall into his pit now-a-days. The thoughtless monkies and the patient camels are the only animals that seem to take this siege in the proper spirit. A curiosity in its way is the famous eagle from whose wing the quill was plucked that signed the peace of Villafranca. He is as melancholy as if he were conscious that the dynasty which had adopted him for heraldic type had taken its flight from the Tuileries. He is no longer the proud bird that soars and stares sunward, but a wretched depressed prisoner, with dull eyes and ragged plumage, an eagle *ramolli*, such a one as might have furnished a quill to sign the capitulation of Sedan.

THE BRITISH NAVY.—An Admiralty return has been issued, dated 4th of August, giving a list of vessels building, or ordered to be built, for Her Majesty's Navy in the year 1870. It includes the ill-fated Captain, completed last April, at a cost of £335,518. The list of ships building, completely iron plated up to the main deck and partially (the Glatton wholly) above, includes also the following:—The Repulse, 12 guns, at Woolwich, completed, cost £223,370; Devastation, at Portsmouth, 4 guns, marked "with turrets;" the Glatton, at Chatham, 2 guns, turrets; the Thunderer, at Pembroke, 4 guns, turrets; the Sultan, Chatham, 12 guns, broadside; the Rupert, Chatham, 3 guns, turret; the Swifture, Palmer's Company, 14 guns; the Triumph, Palmer's, 14 guns; the Iron Duke, Pembroke, 14 guns; the Audacious and the Invincible, at Napier's, both 14 guns; the Vanguard, Laird's, 14 guns. These last six are all broadsides, not turrets. The Hotspur, at Napier's, 2 guns, stauds in the list as "fixed turret." The Fury, Pembroke, 4 guns, turrets, is marked "not commenced." The list of vessels not armour-plated, building or ordered in the year, includes the Volage, 8 guns, completed; the Dido, 6 guns, completed; the Druid, 10 guns, completed; the Bittern, 3 guns, completed; the Vulture, 3 guns, completed; the Active, 8 guns; the Thalia, 6 guns; the Tenedos, 6 guns; the Briton, 10 guns; the last four were all to be completed this year. The Woodlark, 3 guns, is marked for completion in March, 1871. The time of completion of the following is uncertain:—The Osborne; the Plucky, 1 gun; the Lively, 2 guns; the Vigilant, 2 guns; the Snake, 1 gun; the Scourge, 1; the Comet, 1; the Blazer, 1; the Thetis, 13. The Raleigh, 22 guns, and the Blonde, 26 guns, are marked "not commenced." All but two of these 21 vessels not armour-plated are building or to be built in Her Majesty's dockyards; the Volage and the Active were built by the Thames Company, Blackwall, and completed at Portsmouth.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
We'nsday,	Nov. 23.....	28°	32°	32°
Thursday,	" 24.....	27°	32°	29°
Friday,	" 25.....	36°	37°	37°
Saturday,	" 26.....	36°	37°	36°
Sunday,	" 27.....	38°	44°	40°
Monday,	" 28.....	36°	37°	35°
Tuesday,	" 29.....	34°	35°	36°
		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
We'nsday,	Nov. 23.....	34°	22°	28°
Thursday,	" 24.....	34°	20°	27°
Friday,	" 25.....	38°	22°	30°
Saturday,	" 26.....	38°	28°	33°
Sunday,	" 27.....	46°	30°	38°
Monday,	" 28.....	38°	28°	33°
Tuesday,	" 29.....	38°	29°	33° 5

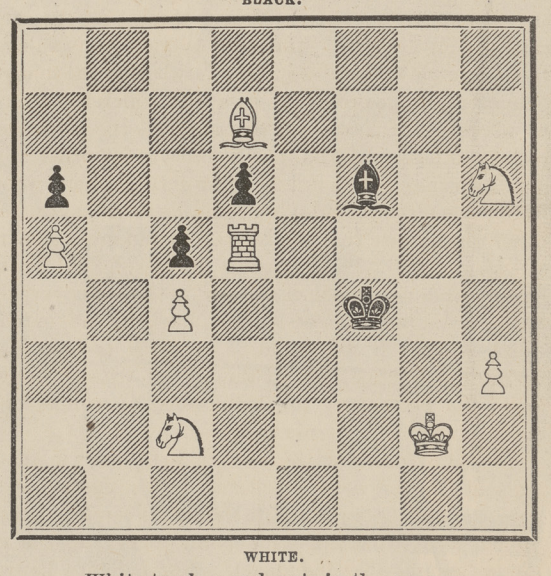
Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
We'nsday,	Nov. 23.....	29.70	29.65	29.71
Thursday,	" 24.....	29.90	30.00	30.15
Friday,	" 25.....	30.08	30.03	29.98
Saturday,	" 26.....	29.70	29.68	29.71
Sunday,	" 27.....	29.68	29.75	29 90
Monday,	" 28.....	30.35	30.38	30 38
Tuesday,	" 29.....	30.27	30.30	30.36

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 22.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 21.

White.	*Black.*
1. Kt. to R. 5th.	K. takes Kt. (must.)
2. K. to Kt. 7th.	B. takes R.
3. Kt. to K. 2nd.	Any move.
4. Kt. mates.	

VARIATION.

2.	P. moves.
3. Kt to K. 2nd.	Any move.
4. Mates with Kt. or dis. ch.	

J. B. King, Grand Sec'y., Brantford. John J. Ramsay, Grand Warden, Toronto. Wm. N. Ford, Grand Master, St. Mary's. A. D. Clement, Grand Treasurer, Brantford. Jas. Woodyat, Grand Representative, Brantford.
M. Blume, Grand Herald, Toronto. T. Partridge, Grand Representative, London. John Richmond, Toronto. W. D. Kennedy, Grand Conductor, Toronto. John Murray, Clifton.
John Gibson, Dep. Grand Master, Stratford. James Smith, Grand Guardian, G. L. N. S., London.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS PRESENT AT INAUGURATION OF THE ODDFELLOWS' NEW HALL, TORONTO, NOV. 9TH, 1870.

VIEW OF QUEBEC, LOOKING WESTWARD, FROM THE TOWERS OF N. D. CATHEDRAL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS & BIENVENU.

EPIGRAM.

(See "*Those Sidewalks*," *last page.*)

"'Tell me, ye wingèd winds'"—
"Why—when my hospitable hostlery I leave—
Why should my heels incontinent kick up in air?
And my most precious head familiar converse hold
With these dull boards—sidewalks in common parlance named?"

"Were it not just
"That Corporation, Mayor, Recorder, everyone,
Should be compelled to pave, renew or else repair
These cussèd "walks" that, twirling, send me on my back
And bring my classic occiput prodigious low?"

"We pause for a reply;"
"Ye wingèd winds" don't tell, nor sigh a word responsive.
But some mean vulgar churl, a man of beefy brain
Who with his laughter hoarse, mocks, rudely, our mishap,
Becomes the ready spokesman for "ye winds," and says:
(As low we lie, and aching), "*Gent! I guess ye're right!*"

ALPHA.

Montreal, Nov., 1870.

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

THE MOUNTAIN'S LULLABY.

Over the city, asleep in the moonlight,
Broodeth the mountain in beauty serene,
Hummeth a lullaby, sweet as a cradle-song,
Through all its forest trees, stately and green,
"Sleep oh! my children, sleep till the morning.
From labour and sorrow and sin take your rest,
Soon the night cometh which has no awakening,
Soon I shall clasp you all close to my breast.

I have a city which waits to receive you!
Solemn and stately its Temples and Towers,
Homes for the highest, and homes for the lowly,
Marble, and granite, and evergreen bowers.
Strive on Life's Battle-field never so madly,
Still, at Death's onslaught ye must beat retreat,
I am waiting, and watching, and yearning, my children,
Come to my arms and your rest shall be sweet.

Come little children, who early grow weary
Of struggling for life in the feverish town.
Come to a couch that is sheeted with daisies,
Or spread with the Autumn leaves scarlet and brown.
Here little feet never bleed with Life's journey,
Here little hands never tamper with sin—
And sweet baby-faces ne'er grow to be haggard
With a false smile that hideth the anguish within.

Here the Bride waiteth her Husband's home-coming,
Here the young Mother waits Husband and Child,
Here the old man—full of age and of honour—
Waiteth the wife of his youth, sweet and mild.
Here the sin-stricken, the worn and the weary,
Tired of Life's struggle, heart-sick with its pain,
Rest the world-weary head on their Mother Earth's bosom,
And slumber in peace to the wind-harp's refrain.

Oh! I am waiting and watching, my children!
Sooner or later the journey must end,
Sooner or later you flee to this bosom,
Acknowledging me as your last Earthly friend.
Over your city I brood in the moonlight—
And still shall be brooding through all coming years,
Till the sky is rolled up like a scroll that is finished,
And the fire of Earth's burning shall dry human tears.

ESTELLE WILSON.

VAN SLINGELANDT'S WOOING.

PETER VAN SLINGELANDT set up his art-tent in the place of his birth, the quaint old city of Leyden, a sort of dull, dirty, Dutch Venice, minced up by incessant canals into fifty dank islets, all tied loosely together by some hundred and forty old bridges. Peter was a calm, quiet, contented man, with no locomotive longings, no very fervid aspirations. He was not the bird that beats itself to death against the bars of its cage, in agonising efforts for liberty; he preferred to make his cage as cozy as he could, and to adapt himself to its limitations. Besides, it was a voluntary confinement; he needed not to have had the Leyden ramparts for ever bounding his horizon and framing his life. Others had wandered away to the sheeny south, and looked on with eyes of love and amazement, yet with a feeling of immense removal from the glories of Italian art; some had crossed to England, and found welcome, and patronage, and wealth; but Peter held on to his quiet studio in the old gable-topped house just turning out of the handsome high street of the city. He was not rich—a steady, industrious, enthusiastic worker, but one who loved his work, and loved to linger over it; a conscientious, scrupulous, indefatigable, microscopic man, how could he produce rapidly? True, facile slovenliness would have brought the gold more quickly in; but Peter respected his art, respected himself—he could not condescend to let "scamp-work" go out of his studio. I doubt even if it ever occurred to the dear, good, plodding, sober soul to do such a thing; he had no notion of art apart from solid, highly wrought, intensely finished pictures.

So he sat one day in his small quiet studio before a panel on the easel. Not a flaunting, flaring studio of more recent date, remember, but a Dutch painter's studio of the year 1660, or so. No garish draperies, no glittering weapons, no polished fragments of armour, no dusty torsos blocking up the corners, no casts of muscular limbs, no nose-broken antiques—a neatly furnished, nicely garnished, well-kept room, with polished floor, polished table, chairs, and even polished easel. All windows firmly closed, all doors tightly fitting; for Peter has proclaimed unremitting war with the dust; he will suffer it under no pretence; he will do all man can to exclude and suppress dust. He changes his shoes outside his studio door; he puts on another well-brushed dusky green doublet, with ivory buttons; he hangs up his cloak; he enters the room cautiously, as a cat looking for a mouse; he regards with jealous eyes the sunbeam that will somehow slant in at the upper half of the window, and angrily the little motes that will somehow dance and float about in that shaft of golden light. There is no invitation, no provocation to the dust at all. The colour-box is polished, and its lid closes with an extreme exactness; the pencil-handles are polished, and there is a silk veil protecting the face of the panel. The "properties" of the painting-room are not remarkable: a mirror, framed by five-and-twenty smaller mirrors, reflecting altogether six-and-twenty miniature portraits of the studio, with the broad back of Peter van Slingelandt well visible, a prominent object as he bends over his panel; a brown uncouth-looking jug, which has often sat for its picture, and to which good Peter sometimes applies his lips; glasses long in the stem, with much cutting and engraving about them; drinking-horns, flasks, cups, pipes. For the rest, there is little in the room beyond the ordinary fittings of a burgher's house of that day, and not a very rich burgher either.

Peter sits at his work, a portly, good-looking fellow, with long, blond, dry hair, and still more blond and dry eyebrows, eyelashes, moustaches, and peaked beard. His plump cheeks are closely shaven, and he has very calm, steady, light-blue eyes. To him, sitting contemplatively, enter his good friend, Max Keppen, a student of Leyden university; very like Peter, only younger and thinner—not a bit more demonstrative. He lifts up the brown jug, and regales himself with its contents. He understands the usages of Peter's studio; he moves about slowly, cautiously; he has shaken himself well outside—he brings in no dust.

Few words of salutation pass between them—they are too intimate, they understand each other too well for that. Peter removes the silk shroud from the panel; they both pore over it speechless for about half an hour.

"It grows," says Max at last, in a low whisper.

Peter nods his head; he points with the small keen pencil in his hand "I have been bringing *that* out since Wednesday. Do you mark, Max, that little finger-nail? I could not sleep for thinking of it. Say, is it right, my Max? That far corner, where the tinge of purple subsides into blush-red; then the light, catching it, breaks into a fine line of warm pearl-white. Light is always warm, Max. How men cheat themselves! Many would have there struck in cold dead colour. Shame!"

"It is very good, Peter."

"Don't stamp, my Max. In places, there is still wet paint. Think of the dust, good friend. Ah! if any should alight." And he let fall the silk shroud.

Max looked penitent, concerned. The movement of his foot had been involuntary; he had been stirred thereto by his sober, settled enthusiasm for Peter's genius. He was the painter's chief intimate, his warmest friend and admirer—the unavoidable appendage of the studio. Every painting-room is haunted by such men—faithful, laudatory, attached, devoted, they would do anything to aid the artist; ignorant of much art themselves, they worship and marvel the more on that account, and they become the confidants of the painter; he can open his heart to the humble follower and friend who is not, who can never be, a rival.

"It has been two years about," quoth Peter. He saw poor Max's pain and sorrow, and hastened to raise the silk curtain again. "Two years to-day."

"And it will be finished?" asked Max.

Peter shook his head mournfully. It seemed quite hopeless to name any date. He took up a microscope and scrutinised the picture severely.

It was the portrait of a lady, very fair in complexion, very flaxen as to ringlets—a close crowd of them falling in delicate vine-tendrils over her exquisite forehead and neck—rather full in figure, large round blue eyes, pretty red mouth and round plump chin, with just a hint of another little chin beyond, as a rainbow is dogged by a reflection. She wore a full spreading Dutch lace-collar, which, at the shoulder, met her puffed sleeves, also decked with ample lace-falls. Her black velvet dress opened in front over a petticoat of superb maize-coloured satin, upon which the light fell, and flickered and sparkled wonderfully. Upon her round white arms were pearl bracelets, and in one hand she held a fan of peacock feathers. A bright-eyed lapdog, curled up compactly, sat on a green velvet cushion at her feet, with a red ribbon round his neck, and every hair of his coat accurately accounted for in the picture. Russet hangings formed the background, relieved on the right hand by a crimson curtain falling over a half-open door, through which in a dusky twilight other figures were dimly seen, though traceable much more distinctly the more you examined the work.

"It grows," Max said again. It was the only form of consolation for Peter that he could think of. "It grows—rapidly."

It was bold to say that.

One who had seen the work a year back would have thought it then, perhaps, as far advanced as it seemed now. Its growth could hardly be called rapid, anyhow. But rapid painting was hardly known in Holland. Men worked steadily, but very slowly. They studied intensely; meditating upon each touch as a poet might over a verse, pausing on it, weighing it, counting it. Goedaert of Middleburg spent thirty years studying the economy of the insects he painted. Wilhelm Kalf sat for whole days before an orange, a melon, and an agate-handled knife, contemplating their wondrous assemblage and variety of colour, before he even commenced to paint them. Gerard Dow spent five days in close painting of a hand, and three in representing a broom-handle. Jean Vander Heyden worked with such delicate minuteness that in one picture an open Bible is seen, no larger than a man's palm, in which every line is legible through a magnifying-glass. In another performance, Peter himself had occupied a whole month on the frill and ruffles of a gentleman whose portrait he was painting. They were marvellously microscopic, these Dutch painters. No wonder that many of them had so teased and worried their eyes that they were reduced to wearing spectacles at thirty.

Peter was not consoled: he would not accept Max's flattery; he shook his head mournfully, and sighed. Max looked rather crest-fallen; but he plucked up heart, and tried again.

"She is very beautiful, my Peter." But Peter only sighed the more. Max was at his wits' end. He was nearly stamping on the floor again, but he contrived to stop himself in time.

"You love, then, still, my Peter?" he asked in a low, awful tone.

"With all my soul!" answered Peter simply; and he seemed relieved, and plied the microscope again.

They knew every line, every tint, every touch of that picturn. Even Max's uneducated eye could follow it all, and know it all. They had watched and seen it advance under their gaze, as a mother sees her child's growth; as the poor girl in the garret pores over the tiny geranium under the cracked tumbler in the one flower-pot, and sees its dim green leaves one by one unfold. They could quite appreciate the never-tiring labour bestowed upon the picture. Peter took up the brown jug, refreshed himself, and passed it on to Max.

"And she?" Max held up the jug; he could not drink until he had heard the answer.

"I know not, my Max." Max sorrowfully drained the jug.

"Sometimes, I think—I almost think; but it is my vanity, my Max; it is that, doubtless." Max denied it stoutly by violent shaking of his head.

"She dropped her kerchief yesterday, and let me restore it to her." Peter went on, blushing. "And, O Max, how bright came the light into her eyes! Kindly too, Max; and she smiled. Ah! her smile is heaven, Max. Is the jug empty? Never mind."

"She loves, brother—it is that," whispered Max artfully.

"I know not, my Max. Ah! it must end. And she gave me her hand, Max; her dear, soft, scented hand—white satin, with a pink lining—I took it in mine, Max; I raised it, but—bah!—I dared not kiss it."

Max abstractedly proffered the empty jug. Peter tried to drink from it, found it empty, and simply put it on one side.

"Oh, if I might only hope; but, my Max, it is folly—it is madness: a poor artist wed the rich burgomaster's widow! Why, all Leyden would cry out! They would hoot me in the streets. It is a dream, my brother, a dream. The picture must end—I could paint on it for ever and ever. Is *that* the blue of her eye? Is *that* the carnation that floats on her cheek, now above, now below the surface? Is *that* the crimson of her dear moist lip, my Max? Bah! no. But, two years—two years: the end must come. She grows impatient—she will go, my Max—the picture will go, my Max; and then—then—what will become of me? Say."

And he rose from his chair, and fell sobbing upon the neck of Max. That worthy follower was cut to the heart.

"It is not so, my Peter. Look up," he said; "she loves you; I say so—I, Max; believe me. You will be happy, my Peter; you shall be happy. Hush! she is coming now; I hear her on the stairs. Hush! take courage. Tell her you love her, with all your soul, my Peter; tell her as you would tell me—think it is I to whom you speak. I go."

"This way—the back-staircase. Gently, my Max—think of the dust. Do not bang the door. Farewell, my Max. Ah! she is here."

Then entered the room the lady, tall, large, calm. Peter had been successful—the portrait was very like. She came in slowly and stately, and soon occupied her well-known seat and accustomed position. Peter, bowing and blushing, went on with his work. Hardly a word was spoken. The portrait had been in hand for two years, and all ordinary topics of conversation between painter and sitter had been long ago exhausted. On the other hand, habit had completely mastered all the irksomeness of the business. The lady seemed hardly less tired of sitting than Peter of painting. She knew to a nicety when she was correctly *posed*—detected, to half an inch, when her fingers strayed from their position in the picture—perceived directly when any of the amber tendril ringlets became stragglers from the main body; and then the large blue eyes, how well aware they were of the exact knot in the oak wainscot upon which, two years ago, they had been first directed to fix themselves. True, they wandered now and then—took circling flights like birds, alighting at one time upon the blond head of Peter—now upon the mirror with the twenty-five satellite mirrors—now upon Peter's pipe—now upon the leather-covered knob of Peter's mahl-stick—now upon the tiny little sable pencils with which Peter seemed to be working on the panel as though with needles upon copper—and now, with a twinkling smile dancing about the corners of the rosy lips, upon Peter's empty brown jug in the corner; but they always turned back again, and settled finally on the knob in the wainscot, as though that were their proper nest and home, and all other alighting-places mere temporary caravanseras, useful enough, but not to be mistaken for a moment for permanent residences.

At last the lady had refreshed her eyes by two or three of these visual voyages, and found that there was nothing more to be done—no more entertainment to be derived in that way—and ever so little a sigh started up and escaped from her heart, through the half-open casement of her lips. Peter was not slow to hear it; he blushed—his hand trembled a little; he was nearly making a mistake, going just the thousandth part of an inch or so out of his course.

"I tire you, madam."

"No," said the lady, and her eyes settled on his moustache; she had a sweet low languid sort of voice. "But will it soon be done?"

It seemed as though some words were about to issue from under the moustache, but Peter checked himself, bowed his head, and gave a touch or two to the delicate gray, half-tints on the lady's forehead. Then came another little sigh. Peter stopped as though he had been wounded; quite a change came over him. Ah, he loved the fair widow! In his microscopic, Dutch-painter way he had gone on loving her for two years; it had begun in a miniature sort of fashion, had gone niggling on, but it was now a complete and finished business. You might look at it in all lights, examine it how you would, pore into it with a magnifying-glass, you could find no flaw in it; it was very whole, web and woof, a highly wrought, exquisite, delicate, perfect piece of passion. Peter was wounded by the sighs. He rose up.

"I tire you, madam," he said again, so boldly that the widow seemed alarmed. She deprecated his anger; would have given the world to have had the sighs back again safe and sound, tight prisoners in her bosom.

"I will paint no more then. Let us say that the portrait is finished. It has been two years about, and it would take two years more; ay, and more than that"——— The lady shrunk back a little at this. Peter went on in a low voice, glancing alternately at the lady and the picture.

"No, it would take a life, and then it would not be completed."

The lady quite clasped her hands in her distress at this. A whole life sitting for one's portrait! Was Peter mad? He understood her astonishment, and gave his explanation slowly and rather confusedly, and with his cheeks decidedly red.

"There are some graces that cannot be portrayed, some traits that cannot be imitated, some charms it is wholly impossible to render. I might try all my life; I might spend all my days before that panel, and still the portrait could never be completed to my thinking. Madam, it could never be *you*; it could never be more than the feeblest shadow o you."

The lady was decidedly pleased, yet amazed, perhaps frightened; you see the late burgomaster had not made love thus.

"Then I may send for the picture?" she said at last softly.

Poor Peter bowed his head, sadly affirmative.

"And the price?" It was cruel of the widow; but she did it simply without malice—at least, I think so—or it might

be intentionally—to be firm, and end the thing, as people strike hard blows to get the sooner to the termination of a fight.

There were quite tears in Peter's eyes.

"No money can repay me, madam"——— But the poor fellow stopped short; there was something in his throat that would not let the words pass out.

"For your labour—I know it has been great, incessant, but"———

"Not that;" and Peter's pride conquered his sobs. "Nothing can compensate me for the loss of the picture; it has been my whole sole thought and occupation for two years; it has been the ceaseless joy and light of my studio. *That* gone, and this room is a dark dungeon; my life as a blind man's who can never hope to see the sun again. I love it, I love it! Pray, don't take it from me; it is priceless, priceless!" and he sank on his knees before the panel. It was a delicate way of making love to the widow; a little complicated perhaps, but still very effective. She could not possibly be offended by it, and it might touch her very nearly—and it did. It was really a very artful plan of that simple Peter's.

The widow came quite close to him, and she was trembling and fluttering a good deal, and quite a tempest of emotion was surging in her white neck. She bent over Peter, hiding his face now in his hands, till her gold ringlets mingled with Peter's blond locks.

"Will nothing repay you?" and her soft, warm breath stirred the dry, blond locks as a breeze a cornfield.

"Nothing—nothing—nothing!" moaned Peter piteously.

"Not even *this?*"

And her little plump hand—white satin lined with silk, as Peter had described it to Max—stole down and crept into his. To give money? A ring, perhaps? No; it was empty! Dull Peter!—he was a humble, plodding, miniature-minded man—did not quite understand even yet. How pretty the widow looked, blushing and confused!

"*Will you take the original as payment for the copy!*" What a silvery, bird's whisper was that explanation!

Peter comprehended then. How he kissed the little plump hand; you would have thought the creature was going to eat it! What a delightful little laugh the widow gave as she stooped down her head! Really, Peter was, after all, a dull fellow; but he did make it out at last, and gave her lips a kiss that made them even more rosy than ever. I think, certainly, that it was the widow who made love to Peter, and not Peter to the widow.

"O how I love you! How happy I am! I never hoped for this. Bertha, dear Bertha, may I call you Bertha?"

"Of course you may."

The door leading on to the back-staircase opened very slowly and quietly, and the face of Max Keppen appeared there. The dog had been listening! He was very pale, with very bright eyes, plentifully decorated with tears. He was beset by two emotions: he rejoiced at Peter's happiness, and he sorrowed because he began to fear that Peter's whole love would now be given to Bertha—that none would be left for Max. He saw Peter's wife stepping in, and severing him from Peter. It was very hard, for he did so love Peter! But he was an unselfish good fellow. He had a great heart; there was room in it for all, he thought. "I will love them both; then they will both love me." So he gave himself up unreservedly to sympathy with Peter's happiness, and triumphed in his triumph. Discreetly he closed the door without disturbing the lovers, and disappeared, immensely comfortable.

Such was the manner of Van Slingelandt's wooing.

ANOTHER PROPHECY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"As this is a fitting time to rake up all disagreeable prophecies respecting France, the prediction of St. Cæsario, Bishop of Arles, in 542, is not without interest. It is taken from a book entitled 'Liber Mirabilis,' printed in Gothic characters, and deposited in the Royal Library, Paris, and was referred to in 'Notes and Queries,' on December 13, 1851:—'The administration of the kingdom (France) will be so blinded that they will leave it without defenders. The hand of God shall extend itself over them, and over all the rich; all the nobles shall be deprived of their estates and dignity; a division shall spring up in the church of God; and there shall be two husbands, the one true and the other adulterous. The legitimate husband shall be put to flight; there shall be great carnage, and as great a profusion of blood as in the days of the Gentiles. The Universal Church and the whole world shall deplore the ruin and destruction of a most celebrated city, the capital and mistress of France. The altars of the temple shall be destroyed; the holy virgins, outraged, shall fly from their seats; and the whole church shall be stripped of her temporal goods; but at length the black eagle and the lion shall appear hovering from far countries. Misery to thee, O city of philosophy! Thou shalt be subjected! A captive, humbled even to confusion, shall at last receive his crown and destroy the children of Brutus.'"

THE "CITY OF BOSTON."—A bottle has been recently cast upon the shores of the West of Ireland, which presumes to throw some light upon the mystery enveloping the loss of the missing steamer *City of Boston*. Obviously, however, the relic must be received with reserve, especially as we are without any collateral evidence of its authenticity. A bottle appears to have come in and been picked up on Cranstock sands, two miles west of New Quay. On being opened it was found to contain four or five pieces of envelope, upon which the following names and words are written in pencil:—"O. Jones, E. Williams" "Seth—A collision; 403 Greenwich Street, New York." "Evan Evans, Cadinst, Landulle." "We are lost." "City of Boston.—We are all sinking, good-bye. I should like my." Written in ink—"Michael Jones, Cariboo House, 212 Fulton Street, N. Y." There is some other writing in pencil, which our correspondent thinks is Welsh. Upon the envelopes there are two postmarks also. One is as follows:—"Ebenezer, A, Jy. 4, 70;" the other ringed mark reads, "London A C, Jy 5, 70." The derelict bottle bears evidence of having been many months in the water.

"A Silent Member," who has just published the first of a series of sketches of the House of Commons, has taken the trouble to reckon up Mr. Gladstone's speeches last session. The Premier was on his legs 178 times, and his speeches occupy about eighty columns of the *Times*; if placed in a single column it would be a sheet reaching to the top of the Monument. This is fame by the yard, indeed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Lothair" appears in an Italian dress in the *feuilleton* of the "Gazette de Italia," a daily paper now issued in Rome. It is translated by Mr. Robert Montgomery Stewart, a young Anglo-Italian.

Mr. E. Arber hopes to have a facsimile of the first English New Testament ready this month, with an introduction, correcting many errors of his predecessors. The Early English Text Society have given up in his favour their proposed edition of William Roy's celebrated satire against Cardinal Wolsey; and the book will next year take its place in Mr. Arber's "English Reprints."

An important discovery has been made in dentistry, that teeth may be extracted and then again replanted. It has been found that in case of inflammation about the roots of a tooth, the latter may be taken out, scraped, and cleaned, re-inserted and made to do duty again. The London *Lancet* says, in speaking of this process: "Mr. Lyons carried this out in fourteen cases for Mr. Boleman, with success, in the case of bicuspids and molars, no mechanical appliances being used to keep the teeth supported until they had become firm."

Mr. Allan Park Paton, librarian of the Greenock libray, believes that he has made an interesting discovery. A few days ago a folio volume, a copy of North's translation of "Plutarch's Lives," was presented to the library, and after careful examination Mr. Paton is convinced that it is the identical work from which Shakspeare derived the materials of his three Roman plays, "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," and "Anthony and Cleopatra." The volume is said to contain Shakspeare's autograph on the title-page.

This story will be highly disapproved of by teetotallers:—Dr. Peter Hood relates the following remarkable case, which seems to show, he says, that even aged persons are sometimes allowed to die unnecessarily: "There are many facts which seem to show that even aged people are sometimes allowed to die unnecessarily. Instances might be quoted of persons who were believed to be dead, but were recovered, and amongst them not the least remarkable was that of a celebrated west country baronet who was laid out in his coffin. His old butler volunteered to watch his master's corpse throughout the night; but, most probably thinking the time would hang heavy on him, he invited a friend to share his vigil with him. This butler's only fault, as a servant, was his indulgence in stimulating beverages; and he did not omit on this occasion to have recourse to them. As the night wore on, the idea rose in the butler's mind that there would be no harm if he administered to his late master a glass of the brandy he and his companion were engaged in drinking, and he proposed it to his comrade, saying, 'He has been a good master to me for many years, and has given me many a glass, and I will do the same by him before he is taken from our sight.' He did as he said, and poured a glass of brandy down his master's throat, which had the instantaneous effect of recalling him to life, and he survived for many years."

The population of the New England States has increased very little during the last ten years, and that increase must be ascribed, not to the fecundity of the native population, but to foreign emigration. Comparing the census of 1870 with that of 1860, we obtain the following statistical facts: Maine had, in 1860, 628,270 inhabitants, and in 1870, 630,428—a gain in ten years of a little over 2,000. New Hampshire had, in 1860, 326,073 inhabitants, and in 1870 only 317,906, showing a decrease of about 8,000. Vermont had, in 1860, a population of 315,098, and in 1860, 330,035—being a gain of nearly 15,000. Massachusetts had, in 1860, a population of 1,231,066, and in 1870. 1,488,655—being a gain of about 200,000. Rhode Island had, in 1860, a population of 174,620, while in 1870 she has 217,319—a gain of about 43,000; and Connecticut had, in 1860, a population of 460,000147; while in 1870 she has 537,-998—showing a gain of about 70,000. The total population of the five New England States was, in 1860, 3,135,283, and in 1870 it is 3,482,001—showing a gain on the whole of 346,-710. New Hampshire alone shows a diminished population for the last decade. Thh civil war and emigration may be assumed to be the causes of this falling off. Maine, though a sparsely settled State, has made the least increase—only one-half of one per cent. Vermont has increased during the last decade 4-91 per cent. It is only in the manufacturing States that population has materially increased during the last ten years. The States, whose population is devoted chiefly to agricultural pursuits, remain almost stationary in point of population, and, we presume, in wealth also, though we have no statistics on that point.

Twenty-one years ago, in the number of *Punch* for February 3, 1849, the late Mr. Thackeray drew an imaginary picture of "England in 1869," in supposed extracts from the newspapers of that period. One of these, under the heading of "Marriages of the Royal Family," is as follows:—"We have heard it stated that the august mother and father of a numerous and illustrious race, whose increase is dear to the heart of every Briton, have determined no longer to seek for German alliances for their exalted children, but to look at home for establishments for those so dear to them. More would be at present premature. We are not at liberty to mention particulars, but it is whishpered that Her Royal Highness the Princess Boadicea is about to confer her royal hand upon a young nobleman, who is the eldest son of a noble Peer who is connected by marriage with our noble and venerable Premier, with the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, and with His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The same 'little bird' also whispers that His Royal Highness Prince Hengist has cast an eye of princely approbation upon a lovely and accomplished young lady of the highest class, whose distinguished parents are 'frae the North;' whose name is known and beloved throughout the wide dominions of Britain's sway—in India, at the Admiralty, at the Home and Colonial Offices, and in both Houses of Parliament." The first part of the prediction is being accomplished with a literalness that should drive Zadkiel to despair. The Princess Louise, then a baby not quite a year old, is betrothed to the eldest son of a nobleman actually in office, who comes "frae the North," and whose name is certainly known in India, seeing that he is, and has for some time, been the Secretary of State for India. Moreover, he is connected by marriage with the Foreign Secretary, Earl Granville, for he married a Gower, the earl's first cousin, while, as the head of the Campbells, he may claim cousinship with the earl's second wife, Miss Campbell, of Islay, as well as with the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose mother was a Campell.

JENKINS AT WILHELMSHOHE.

A remarkable feature of the present European war, writes "Carl Byng" in the Buffalo *Express*, is the extraordinary candour of the prominent persons who have been engaged in it. From Bismarck to Napoleon, from Bazaine to William, the dignitaries have manifested a miraculous alacrity in the frank avowal of their intentions, plans and projects, and have seemed happiest when making a clean breast of it to some newspaper correspondent. As a fair illustration of their amiable candour, I have condensed the following specimen from the New York *Herald* correspondent's recent interview with Napoleon:—

"As I was ushered into the reception room at Wilhelmshohe the Emperor arose (from a 'luxurious fauteuil,' of course,) and advanced to welcome me, with extended hands and an air of extreme gratification that put me perfectly at ease.

"Bung Zhoo, sire,' said I, giving his hand a cordial shake. With the exquisite tact of a practical courtier, His Majesty seized the occasion to pay me (and my countrymen) one of his neatest compliments. He said, 'Perhaps we had better conduct our conversation in English. The fact is, you speak French with an accent that really shames us Parisians. I've often remarked this trait in accomplished Americans, and wondered at it.' The Emperor's remark was so unexpectedly flattering that it took my breath away for a moment; but under cover of a profound bow, I recovered my fluency and observed: 'Such a compliment from your Majesty, in happier days, would have brought the entire American nobility to your feet.' My indirect allusion to his misfortunes affected His Majesty profoundly. The tears that chased each other silently down his majestic and imperial purple nose and dripped in imperial sorrow from the waxed ends of his moustache might have moved a heart of stone, with a little assistance.

"Surely, "thought I," the Emperor who can thus weep at his own calamities cannot be utterly heartless"

"When the Emperor had removed his composure, and had his nose blowed by the proper officer, I opened the conversation in a way that I thought less likely to offend his delicacy. I told him it was currently reported that he had feathered his nest pretty well while Emperor, and I should take it as a special favour if he would tell me how much he had really stolen. In America, I told him, public men were expected to lay by something for a rainy day, and it would rather enhance our respect for him to be assured that he had exercised a like justifiable prudence. He replied, 'My friend, I respect the *Herald* too much to deceive it. *I have* made a nice thing, on the whole, and my chamberlain shall provide you with an Inventory of all that I have gobbled' I asked him if he owned any property in New York. 'Well,' said he, 'I thought I owned the New York *World* a few months ago; but since the Sedan affair it has gone back on me.' 'Your Majesty was accused of treachery at Sedan. Was you really a traitor?' 'Frankly,' said he, 'I think it I had tried I might have died at the head of the army, instead of surrendering. If this be treason make the most of it.' I said, 'Sire, we American are very frank and straightforward, especially in asking questions. Now you need'nt answer if you feel the least bit squeamish about it; but I should like to know—I really *would* be pleased to know whether your father was a Bonaparte or a Dutch Admiral, as some have intimated?' His Majesty with great cheerfulness replied, 'So would I.'

"The engaging simplicity with which his Majesty unbosomed himself emboldened me to pursue my inquiries, and our conversation became almost confidential. I asked him if Eugenie was ever jealous. He replied: 'Not as Empress; but as Mrs. Napoleon, I have sometimes thought she was inclined to be a little too strict with me.' I said, 'Can you lay your hand on your heart, sire, and solemnly assure the *Herald* that you never gave her cause for jealousy? 'The Emperor (musingly)—'You may be right.' At this point the Emperor seemed a great deal cut up and sighed profoundly. Instead of answering my question explicitly, I was sorry to see him put both hands in his pockets instead of on his heart.

"I told him he might deemme rather inquisitive, but if he knew how deeply interested we Americans were in such scandal, I was sure he would gladly tell me all about the Bellanger intrigues referred to in his private correspondence, which was discovered at the Tuileries after the flight of the Empress. He said, 'My friend, I am deeply touched by your friendly sollicitude about my affairs. Your curiosity is tempered with an exquisite delicacy that disarms it of any power to offend. That correspondance, I grieve to confess—' The announcement of a messenger from Berlin unhappily interrupted the Emperor's remarks at this point. I intended to have gradually drawn Napoleon to speak about private and personal topics, and should have succeeded, but for that interruption.

"As I was about to withdraw, the Emperor embraced me with every mark of esteem, particularly on my shirt front, which he marked with his nose, in the ardour of his country. If the mark is indelible—and it has that appearance—I am an historic shirt ahead."

The *North German Gazette* comments on the numerous letters written by captured French officers to Belgian newspapers, vindicating themselves from the accusations of the Prussians or those of their own colleagues, as a remarkable proof how profoundly the discipline of the French army must be shattered. Subalterns and privates, moreover, do not hesitate to denounce their commanders as traitors.

THE FASHION PLATE.

The cold weather having at last made its appearance, we begin to turn our attention to articles of winter wear. This week we give, for the benefit of our lady-readers, illustrations of the newest fashions for capotes and clouds, as well as a pattern for an entirely new thing in knitted jackets for home wear. In Europe these mantelets, as they are called, are everywhere meeting with great favour, and are rapidly superseding the old-fashioned *sontags* or breakfast shawls.

CAPOTES AND CLOUDS.

No. 1 is a *capote* of fine blue cashmere, consisting of a *capuchon*, or head-piece, and a neck-piece covering the entire bust. The capuchon is trimmed with three strips of blue cashmere, the hindermost edged with blue *chenille* fringe. In front, over the forehead, is a bow of the same material, of which the ends are also trimmed with fringe. The *capuchon* closes round the

The Crown Prince.
Gen. von Treskow.
Von Moltke.
The King dictating a despatch to Bismarck.
Von Roon.
Count Waldersee.
Hussar Officer of the royal suite
Count Lehndorf.

THE WAR.—THE KING OF PRUSSIA VISITING OUTPOSTS.

Beacon.
Major von Claer.
Von Moltke.
Montmartre.
Saint-Denis.
Beacon.
Dome of the Invalids.
Mont Valérien.
Arc de Triomphe.

THE WAR.—VON MOLTKE RECONNOITERING PARIS FROM THE HEIGHTS OF GARGES.

face with a *ruche*, edged on the inner side with a smaller *ruche* of white cashmere. The neck-piece has gauffred trimming of blue cashmere, edged with blue *chenille* fringe. These *capotes* should be lined with cotton wool.

No. 2 is of knitted work, with a heavy round border, and *ruche* and rosettes—all of white wool—over the forehead. The capote is confined at the neck with buttons and loops, the two long ends being crossed in front and thrown over the shoulders *en pélérine*. At the back of the neck is a cord bow and tassels.

No. 3 is similar to No. 1, and, like it, is intended for the opera or evening wear. It is made of black cashmere, edged with coloured corded work. The *capuchon* has a *revers* on either side, trimmed with cord work, with a bow of cashmere over the forehead, and another at the throat. Round the face is a small *ruche* of white cashmere, and round the neck a cord and tassels, which should be of some bright colour, matching the cord work.

No. 4, of white elastic wool, only differs from the ordinary cloud in its shape, which is three-cornered, like that of a shawl folded for wearing. Its length is about nine feet. It is worn crossed over the shoulder, the ends falling behind, and terminating in tassels.

WOOLLEN MANTELET.

Nos. 5 and 6 give a front and back view of the new mantelet, of wool net work, with false sleeves. The materials are fine white wool for the ground-work, white floss silk, red wool for the ribs of knots running across the body and the edging, and woollen ball fringe for trimming.

No. 1.—CAPOTE OF BLUE CASHMERE.

No. 2.—KNITTED CAPOTE.

No. 4.—KNITTED CLOUD.

No. 3.—BLACK CASHMERE CAPOTE, WITH CORDED WORK.

No. 5.—KNITTED JACKET, (*Front*).

No. 6.—KNITTED JACKET, (*Back*).

THE FASHIONS.

Registered in accordance with the Copy-right Act of 1868.

HILDA;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S SECRET.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

Author of the "Abbey of Rathmore," "Passion and Principle," "The Secret of Stanley Hall," "The Cross of Pride," &c.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE INCUMBENT'S DISMISSAL.

MRS. GRANT BERKELEY was ill, stricken down with a dangerous fever in the midst of gaiety and selfish enjoyment. The best physicians in the city were called in by her alarmed husband, but the disease seemed to baffle their skill. Her life was despaired of, and for days she lay in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. During this period of torturing suspense Mr. Castonell's anxiety could scarcely be endured. He haunted the street in which Pauline lived, and called frequently at the house to inquire about her. Edith was with her false friend in this time of danger. At length the fever approached its crisis, and a few hours would decide whether Mrs. Grant Berkeley should live or die. It was night, a night in early summer; the atmosphere of the sick room was oppressive, and Edith stepped out upon a balcony upon which one of the windows opened to breathe the cool fresh air and lift her heart in silent prayer to heaven for the life of one who she feared was unprepared to die—how truly unfit Edith never suspected!

The residence of Mr. Grant Berkeley was in Sherbrooke street. Below lay the vast city buried in deep repose. Not a sound came up from the silent streets; every noise was hushed, and the wearied population was at rest—dead for the time to the interests of life, indifferent to its pleasures and its cares. The moon in its full orbed light was shining in a cloudless sky, looking down calmly on the sleeping city, gleaming upon its graceful spires and bright-tinned domes, and pouring a flood of quivering rays upon its noble river. The scene was so quiet and beautiful that Mrs. Castonell stood for some time silently admiring it while she drank in the balmy refreshing air laden with the scent of apple blossoms which came up from the gardens near, belonging to the palace-homes situated in the shelter of the mountain, whose dark outline was clearly defined in the moonlight

At length her attention was attracted towards a figure standing beneath the foliage of some flowering trees which skirted the board-walk on the opposite side of the road.

The balcony where Mrs. Castonell stood was in deep shadow, but there the moonlight was falling, shimmering on the leaves of the trees and casting their delicate tracery on the board-walk beneath. Edith had no difficulty in recognizing her husband in this motionless figure looking so intently over at Mrs. Grant Berkeley's house—his gaze apparently fixed where the light was gleaming in the sick chamber. A sudden pang shot through her heart at the discovery, for the startling thought crept towards her that his anxiety about Pauline's life must be overpowering when he spent the night thus in the vicinity of her house. The prayer for Pauline's recovery died on Edith's lips as the agony of jealousy awoke within her. This man was still there, and she was silently watching him when, hearing herself gently called by Pauline's nurse, she hastily re-entered her room.

A change had taken place in Mrs. Grant Berkeley, the crisis was favourable, and her recovery might be expected; careful nursing was all that was necessary now.

The next morning Mr. Castonell called, and Edith communicated the joyful news about Pauline, watching the effect it would have upon him. If she expected any betrayal of emotion, any sudden rapture lighting up his countenance, she was disappointed. He received the information calmly, expressing, however, the very great happiness it gave him to hear she might be restored to her family and friends.

Edith was deceived. Surely there was no ground for the jealousy she had been indulging since last night! She did not know that her news did not take him by surprise; he had already heard it from Pauline's physician, the joyful emotion it had caused him had calmed down. Still the circumstance of his being seen during the night in the vicinity of Mrs. Grant Berkeley's house looked suspicious and required an explanation which Mrs. Castonell determined to have.

"What brought you out in the middle of the night?" she asked abruptly, looking steadily at him.

For this inquiry he was also prepared. He had seen Edith as she stepped out on the balcony, and he feared she had recognized him.

"I was attending the death-bed of an old man in St. Urban street, who died a little after midnight, and on my way home as the night was beautiful I walked along Sherbrooke street, thinking sadly of the scene I had just left. The dread realities of death and eternity will force themselves upon the mind," Mr. Castonell added with hypocritical solemnity.

"I saw you standing under those trees opposite," Edith remarked, pointing to the acacias on the other side of the street, now glistening in the rays of the morning sun.

"Yes, I stopped a few minutes thinking of Pauline, apprehensive that she, too, was even then passing away, closing her eyes on this earthly scene."

"It was just then the favourable change took place," resumed Mrs. Castonell, feeling quite relieved at this explanation, simply believing everything her husband told her. The painful suspicions which had filled her mind for some hours were now dismissed.

Pauline's recovery was slow, and it was some weeks before she again appeared in society. Still this prolonged convalescence was not irksome to the invalid, as it furnished some excuse for the frequent visits of the Rev. Mr. Castonell. This season of seclusion on account of ill-health was assuredly the best time for spiritual advice and consolation. When this gay votary of fashion was for a time, forcibly withdrawn from the seductions of the world, what more fitting opportunity to speak to her of the vanity of life and lead her by ghostly counsel to turn her thoughts heavenward and look beyond this fleeting scene to a home of immortality? So Mr. Castonell sanctimoniously observed to some ladies—busy-bodies in the congregation he called then—who presumed to find fault with his devoting so much time to Mrs. Grant Berkeley and neglecting other parochial duties. But this plausible excuse for his attentions to the fascinating invalid did not remove suspicion nor silence the tongue of scandal. And as time went on, and the daily visits of Mr. Castonell to Mrs. Grant Berkeley still continued, although that lady was restored to her usual health, the wrath of the congregation knew no bounds. Some threatened to leave the church, and all clamoured for his dismissal.

And it came at last the sudden unwelcome interruption to this delightful little drama which had been going on so quietly. Did the blow fall unexpectedly on the head of the infatuated Castonell. No, he had been looking for it with gloomy apprehension for some little time. He knew suspicion was awake, and although the evil day might be deferred come it must. His married flirtation would not be tolerated by the people of St. Mark's, even if he were guiltless of nothing worse; the reputation of their minister must be untarnished. How else could he benefit the souls committed to his care. Precept would not do without example. But although the Rev. Mr. Castonell was aware of this, although he knew full well that the flowery path he was treading led to the brink of a precipice still in his infatuation onward he steadily went, deaf to the remonstrances of friends, deaf to the voice of conscience. The pathway was so very pleasant, flowers of happiness with such glowing tints springing up at every step, the voice of the syren, so exquisitely sweet, luring him on and on to that fatal brink down which he knew he must at last fall headlong. Verily it was a fierce temptation which had seized upon the incumbent of St. Mark's, and well had the temptress done her work of destruction.

From this dream of happiness he was rudely aroused one morning by being dismissed from the incumbency of St. Mark's. Although the blow had been for some time expected, yet when it did come it fell with crushing weight upon the erring man!

What was now to be done. How could he henceforth supply the temporal wants of himself and family. With a tarnished reputation where could he now procure a curacy. But though he repeatedly asked himself these questions, this was not the infatuated man's chief anxiety. The reason of his being dismissed from St. Mark's must reach the ears of Grant Berkeley; his jealousy would be aroused—the wonder was how it had slept so long—and then farewell to those delightful interviews with the adored Pauline.

Such were the thoughts that crowded the mind of Mr. Castonell as he walked homeward after his humiliating interview with his diocesan.

A servant of Mrs. Grant Berkeley's was leaving the door as he reached his house in de Bleury Street; Mrs. Castonell was in the dining-room with an envelope in her hand, which the servant had just left. It contained a card of invitation for a fancy ball to be given at Mrs. Grant Berkeley's, to celebrate that lady's restoration to health and to society. The cloud on her husband's brow did not escape Edith's notice, but she little conjectured the cause. The scandal which was current about him and her friend had not yet reached her ears. Those whom it most deeply concerned—herself and Mrs. Berkeley—were the last to hear it. Something evidently troubled Mr. Castonell, and the anxious wife tenderly imagined what it was. He was going to inform her of his dismissal—not its cause; but their daughter Maud just then entered the room, and he waited for a more private opportunity.

"What did Mrs. Grant Berkeley's servant want, mamma?" Maud asked, with girlish eagerness.

Her mother handed her the invitation card.

"A fancy ball! how delightful that will be! the various characters and dresses will be so amusing and beautiful. How I should enjoy it! Shall you go, mamma?"

"No, Maud; the scene will be too gay."

"Too gay!" repeated Mr. Castonell. "Absurd! it will be well worth seeing."

"No doubt of that; but would it not be unsuited for me—a clergyman's wife?"

"You are too precise. What harm can there be in going to a fancy ball or a ball of any kind. People who are loudest in condemning such amusements are the greatest hypocrites. I am sick of such cant!"

Edith looked at her husband in amazement; she had never before heard him advocating worldly amusements. What a change had come over him of late!

"Oh, do go, mamma! you will enjoy it, I am sure!" urged Maud, to whose girlish imagination a fancy ball seemed a place of enchanting amusement.

"But, suppose I did go, what would the world say? what would the people of St. Marks say?" and Edith looked inquiringly at her husband.

"Never mind what they say!" he answered, tartly; "it is of little consequence now," he added, in an under tone. The remark, however, did not reach the ears of Mrs. Castonell or her daughter. Both looked at the speaker in surprise. Even Maud saw the absurdity of not caring whether they offended the good people of St. Mark's.

"But I mnst mind," persisted Edith, and with grave decision she added, "although I might enjoy the fancy ball, I shall not go, lest I should incur the censure of those I esteem,"

"You are a fool to deny yourself any innocent gratification, lest you should offend the gossiping coterie of the over-righteous who take upon themselves to judge others and condemn all who are not so hypocritically devout." This was spoken with angry vehemence. The event of the morning had not improved Mr. Castonell's temper, never remarkably sweet in the domestic circle.

"It would never do for me to act as you advise; as a clergyman's wife it is necessary that I should respect the prejudices—narrow-minded though they may be—of the truly religious members of our congregation, and for me to mingle in the gayeties of the world would be a serious transgression in their eyes."

"Well! do as you like! I at least shall accept the invitation to this ball."

"You!" repeated Edith, regarding her husband in astonishment. She thought he had lost his senses.

"You go to a fancy ball, papa!" laughed Maud. "How funny that will seem!"

"Yes, I will go, Maud, and if you like I will take you with me. Your mother may refuse the kind invitation of Mrs. Grant Berkeley if she likes. You and I shall, no doubt, enjoy ourselves."

"Oh, papa, how good you are; won't it be delightful! but what character shall I assame?"

"Any one you like; consult with mamma about that, and now let us have dinner. I have business to attend to afterwards."

The meal almost passed in silence, except when Maud broke forth with some happy remark about the coming festivity she expected to enjoy. Edith was struck dumb in her surprise and anxiety about this whim of her husband's.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COUSINS.

SOME important changes had taken place in Mr. Berkeley's family during the year Hilda spent in Ireland. Claribel was married. Hilda was glad of thi ; there would be no longer any rivalry between them, and her own chance of happinesss in her uncle's house would be greater. Claribel had married well in the world's opinion. Her husband was worth half a million of dollars. What did it matter then if he was twice her age, low-born and unpolished. He was wealthy; he could live in a palatial home; could entertain in a magnificent style, and allow Claribel to squander the money he had gained with little trouble by speculating successfully in petroleum.

Since Claribel's marriage the Berkeleys had been living rather retired. Mr. Berkeley's affairs were somewhat embarrassed, and retrenchment was thought advisable. This embarrassment Thérèse told Hilda, in confidence, as they sat together the day after her arrival, was, she thought, owing to Mrs. Grant Berkeley's extravagance. Not content with spending her own fortune, she was spending her husband's money as fast as she could, giving magnificent entertainments,—and this was one means of involving the House of Berkeley & Son in difficulties.

"And Grant, is he not also extravagant, Thérèse? Is not much of his time as well as his money spent at the billiard table?" asked Hilda.

"I am afraid that is the case," Thérèse acknowledged, reluctantly. "But just to think of Pauline's doings," she continued, with irritation. "She has sent out invitations for a fancy ball, to be given next week. The preparations are on a magnificent scale. Several hundred guests invited; only think what an expense that will be!"

"You will go, of course, Thérèse? You are no longer in the nursery, I believe?"

"No. I was emancipated at Claribel's wedding. I made my *début* then," answered Thérèse, gayly. "Shall you not go also, Hilda?" she continued. "You have never been to a fancy-ball, and it will be a grand affair, well worth seeing."

"I think not; remember I am in mourning. It would not do to be seen at such places now."

"But it is a masked ball. You can, if you wish, retain your mask; then you would not be recognized"

"Will not the guests unmask at supper?"

"Yes; but we could leave before if you wished. Really, you must come, Hilda. I shall enjoy it so much if you do!"

"I cannot decide at present, Thérèse. I may be induced to go from curiosity, it will be such a novel scene, and very entertaining, no doubt."

"Pauline was very ill some weeks since; this fancy ball is to celebrate her restoration to health and the world—a grateful acknowledgment to Providence for her recovery, I suppose," said Thérèse, ironically.

"A large donation to some charitable institution would be a better way of expressing her gratitude," observed Hilda, gravely.

"Oh, charitable donations are not in Pauline's line, said Therèse, laughing. "She is too selfish."

"You do not seem to like your sister-in-law, Thérèse; what has caused this change in your feelings towards her?"

"This intimacy with the Castonells."

"And who are the Castonells?"

"Old friends of hers with whom she has been exceedingly intimate since you left Montreal."

"And why should this displease Miss Thérèse Berkeley? Is it because they are not rich or in society?" asked Hilda, smiling archly.

"No, that is not the reason. It is because people talk so about this intimacy. It has given rise to such gossip, and the things they say are not creditable to Mrs. Grant Berkeley, I assure you."

"And is Grant aware of this?" Hilda inquired, now feeling an interest in her young cousin's rather startling communication.

"Of course not; Pauline's husband will be the last person to hear such stories."

"But if these stories had any foundation would not Aunt Berkeley inform him?"

"Mamma does not believe them. She says it is all idle gossip."

"And I suppose it is. But what is it people say?" inquired Hilda, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Nothing more than that Mrs. Grant Berkeley is in love with the Rev. Mr. Castonell!"

"Is he a clergyman?"

"Yes, and the most eloquent preacher in the city A very handsome man, too.

"Pauline admires his sermons, I suppose."

"Yes, and himself too," said Thérèse nodding her head emphatically. "Pauline knew Mr and Mrs Castonell years ago," she continued, anxious to impart more information. "Mrs. Castonell's father was her second husband. It appears the old man left her all his money instead of giving it to Mrs. Castonell."

"And does she feel no ill-will to Pauline on this account?" Hilda asked with some surprise.

"It appears not. However, Pauline intends that Frank Mordaunt shall marry Maud Castonell, and she will give back the fortune that way—at her death of course—but if she continues to live as extravagantly as she does at present, there will be little money left for Frank and his wife to inherit."

"Ah, now I understand the true cause of your enmity to Pauline. This arrangement about Frank's marriage with Miss Castonell does not please you. Is she pretty?"

"Yes, beautiful. But you are quite mistaken, Hilda, I am not a bit jealous. Frank might marry Maud to-morrow and it would not annoy me."

"You have changed your mind since last year, Thérèse. Remember you thought Frank Mordaunt a good *parti* then."

"Ah yes," she replied carelessly, "but have I not told you that his mother is spending the money as fast as she can. So there will be very little left for Mrs. Frank Mordaunt to spend," added Thérèse with a mocking laugh,

"Ah, you are too worldly-minded, Thérèse. You would marry for money I am afraid."

"So I intend. I shall marry some gouty old millionaire, like Claribel."

"And sacrifice every chance of happiness," observed Hilda with grave reproof.

"Not at all! Would not money enable me to purchase all the happiness I desire? You have not seen Claribel's splendid home yet, Hilda. You do not know what a fortunate match she made. And then her wedding was

such a brilliant affair—in imitation of the marriage of the Princess of Wales."

A mocking laugh broke from Hilda. The idea seemed so absurd to her who had just returned from the old country with some of its aristocratic prejudices.

"It really was," persisted Thérèse, annoyed at her cousin's incredulity. "We Canadians are ambitious, and do things in style when we can afford it. Claribel's trousseau was superb. The bridal dress was imported from Lyons, the veil from Brussels. The wedding presents the bridegroom gave her were magnificent. You know he is immensely rich. Made his fortune by coal-oil—petroleum is the grand name for it—which was found in great abundance on his farm in the western part of Canada. Then there were eight bridesmaids, all richly dressed. The crowd at the cathedral to see the bridal cortège and the ceremony was immense. The wedding breakfast was quite *recherché* and expensive. Altogether it was a splendid affair, I assure you, Hilda."

"And vastly expensive. It would not do to marry a daughter in that style every day," said Hilda, laughing. "It would soon ruin Berkeley and Son. Are such weddings as Claribel's frequent? Is there always such display when a young lady gets married in Canada?" she continued after a brief silence, for her retire life during her residence in the country pre ed her knowing much of the customs of t er or wealthier classes.

"Not such grand ones. Every one has not such aristocratic ideas as Claribel to think of imitating royalty. But there often is great display when it can be afforded, and on such occasions the church is crowded to excess—the throng not particularly select either—fishwomen, policemen, paupers, everyone goes to see the pageant and criticize the bridal party."

"And is not this considered desecrating the church?" asked Hilda, gravely.

"How good you have become since your visit to Ireland!" observed Thérèse sarcastically. "What has changed you so, Hilda? You look as if you had suffered much since you were here last year."

"I have suffered," was Hilda's calm reply, but the depths of that suffering she did not care to reveal to the gay and happy Thérèse.

"Oh what about Sir Gervase Montague? When is the wedding to come off?"

"Never!" replied Hilda, in as firm a voice as she could command, for the abruptness of the question was rather startling.

"You have refused him?"

"Why do you suppose so?" asked Hilda, evading a direct reply.

"Because he was so desperately in love with you. It cannot be possible that he did not propose?"

There was no reply to this remark, and Thérèse saw by the expression of her cousin's countenance that the subject was a disagreeable one

"Sir Gervase is in Quebec. When he returned to Canada he found his regiment there. Grant saw him some weeks since, and he said he never saw a man so altered in so short a time. He was as melancholy and morose as a—a— Spanish Don, Thérèse added, at a loss for a comparison. "From what Grant said, I think Sir Gervase told him you had refused him."

Still no answer, although Hilda was listening with deep interest to what her young cousin was saying.

"Well, Hilda, if you did, you were a fool! Every one is not offered a title in Canada."

"A husband with a title would be preferable to a millionaire, Thérèse," said Hilda, with an effort to be gay. She did not wish it to be known what anguish it had cost her to reject the hand of Sir Gervase Montague.

"I don't know that," said the young lady thoughtfully. "Rank is not to be despised, but, after all, I think wealth can afford more chances of enjoyment. Nevertheless," she continued gayly, "I have a mind to try and captivate the Baronet. He will be here at the fancy ball. Pauline sent him an invitation."

Hilda started, and a flush of joyful surprise mounted to her brow. She turned away suddenly and walked to the window to hide her emotion.

A graceful-looking girl was seen advancing up the gravelled walk towards the house.

"Here is one of your young friends coming to see you, Thérèse," said Hilda, looking admiringly at the attractive-looking figure approaching.

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Thérèse, disdainfully. "That is Blanche Osburne coming to give me a singing lesson. Don't you observe how plainly she is dressed? How could you make such a mistake, Hilda? My young friends are not in her rank."

"She is very neatly dressed and is very ladylike."

"Is dress your criterion of a lady, Thérèse?" There was sarcasm in Hilda's tones.

"Of course it is! Everybody that is anybody dresses stylishly."

"And many persons that are nobodies in your estimation, do the same. Your criterion will not be considered good in the present age, when an extravagant love of dress pervades all classes."

Therèse made no reply. She felt the force of this remark. "Blanche Osburne is a nice irl," she resumed, after a short silence, "and should like her very well for a friend, if she only were in our set."

"Thérèse! do not give yourself such airs!" said Hilda, indignantly. "You forget your own family did not always hold the position in society it does at present."

Hilda's recollections of her own dependent life aroused her sympathy for this pretty young music-teacher.

"It is quite common for people to forget such disagreeable truths," remarked Thérèse, laughing. "It is up-hill work this rising in the world; but when people do get to the top of the ladder they look down with disdain on those below, and never think of giving them a helping hand. Such people must give themselves airs or they will be thought nothing of."

"And this Miss Osburne is, I suppose, as well-born as any of you, and still she is excluded from 'society' because she is poor, though accomplished and refined."

"Such things cannot be helped! You know there must be some line of demarcation between the different classes," observed Thérèse, carelessly.

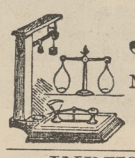
"And wealth forms that line, I see," said Hilda, with a sarcastic smile.

"Yes; and now that you are rich, you will be admitted within the exclusive circle."

"But you forget I, too, have been a daily governess, and—

"You need not publish that fact," interrupted Thérèse, somewhat resentfully. "You are now an heiress in right of your mother, who was a Godfrey of Innismoyne."

To be continued.



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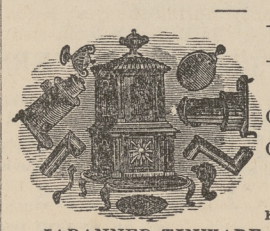

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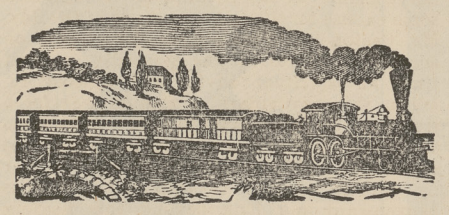

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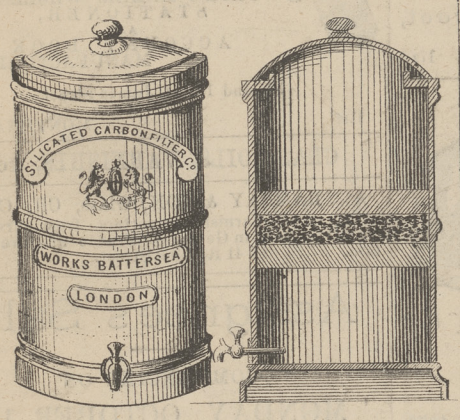

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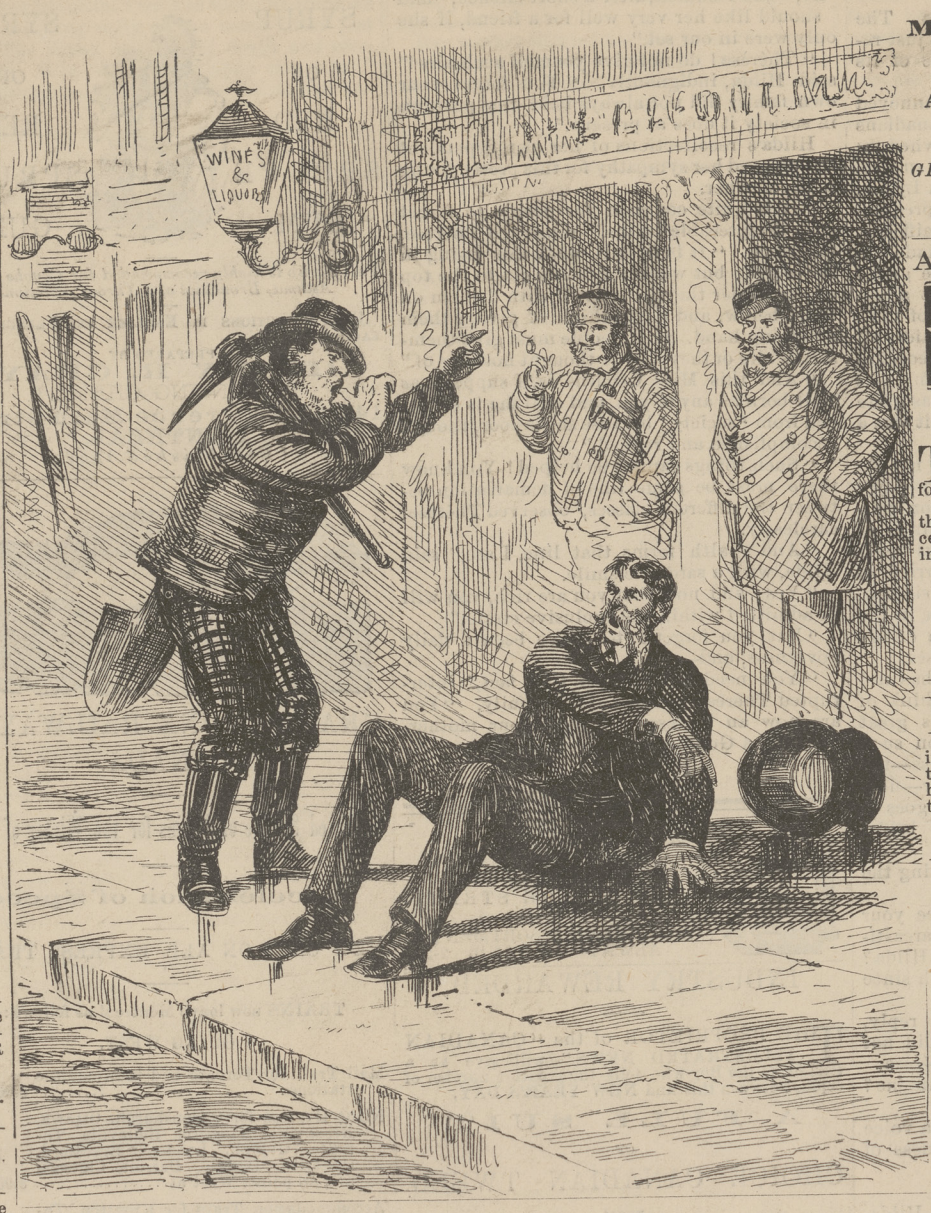

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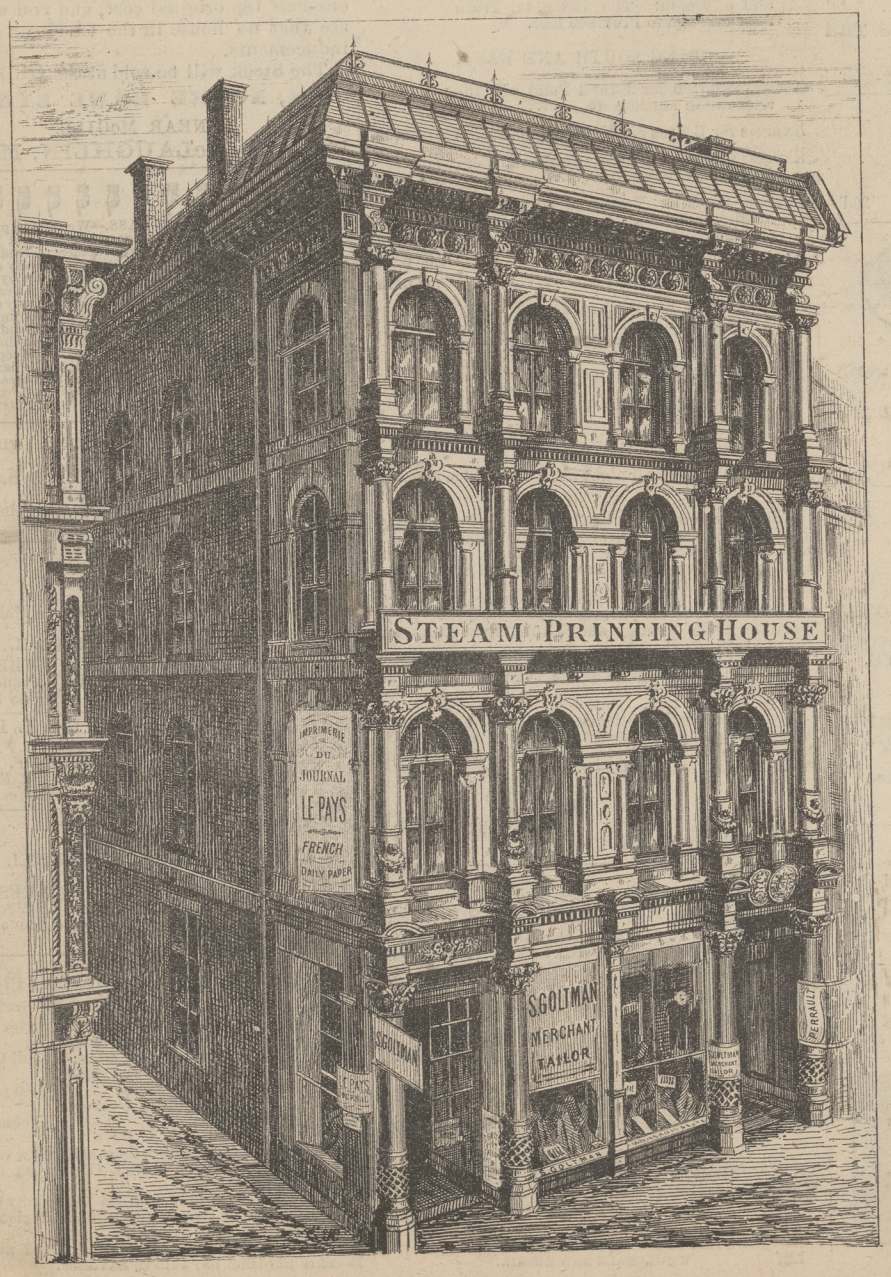

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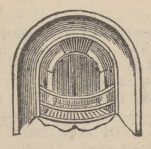

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